STORIES OF OUR NAVY

RETOLD FROM ST. NICHOLAS

Pete Hoops

John Fowler

John Fowler

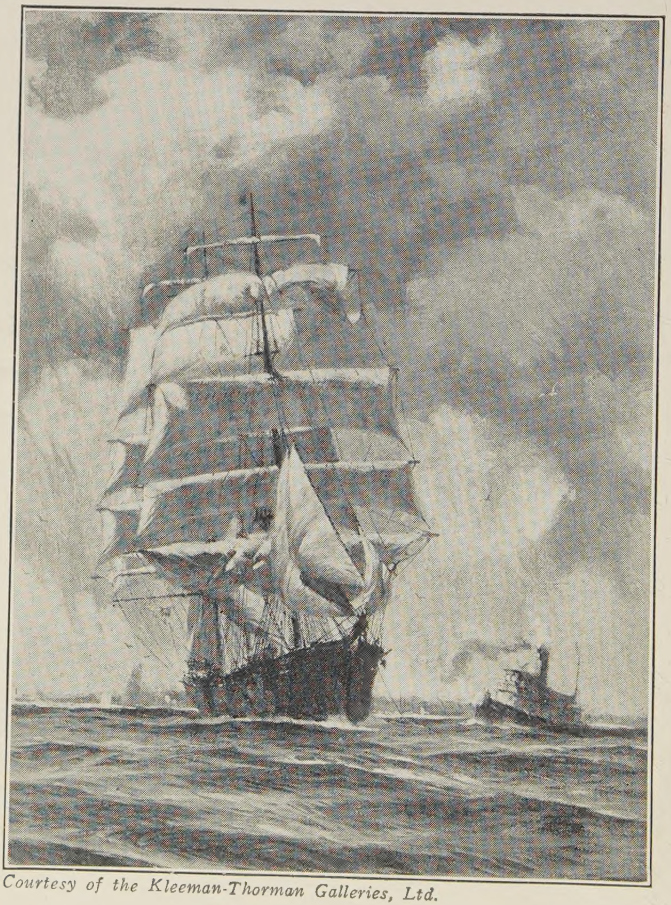
Laurie Fowler

John Fowler

STORIES OF OUR NAVY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/storiesofournavy0000vari



Courtesy of the Kleeman-Thorman Galleries, Ltd.

DROPPING THE TUG

FROM A PAINTING BY GORDON GRANT

STORIES OF
OUR NAVY

RETOLD FROM ST. NICHOLAS

THE CENTURY CO.
NEW YORK LONDON

THESE STORIES HAVE ALL APPEARED IN, AND
ARE PROTECTED UNDER THE COPYRIGHT OF,
THE ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE

First Printing August 1929

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

CONTENTS

PAGE

CAPTAIN DACRES'S HAT 3
Will Lee

CAPTAIN PORTER AND THE "ESSEX" 15
S. G. W. Benjamin

"SLUSHY" THE ROUSTABOUT 29
Howard E. Ames, U. S. N.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "OREGON" 58
Tudor Jenks

CHRISTMAS ON THE HOME STATION 71
Anna A. Rogers

PRINCE IN THE BATTLE OFF SANTIAGO 94
Commander J. Giles Eaton, U. S. N.

SAILOR LIFE ON A MAN-OF-WAR 111
William O. Stevens

"IN A CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN OCEAN" 116
C. H. Claudy

BETWEEN TWO DEATHS 127
M. V. Simko

THE DESTROYERS 134
Archibald Douglas Turnbull

DRIVING IT IN 148
Edward Vassar Ambler

CONTENTS

PAGE

THE BILGED MIDSHIPMAN 165
Thomas A. Janvier

THE POLICEMAN OF THE SEVEN SEAS 186
Commander Orton P. Jackson, U. S. N., and Captain Frank E. Evans, U. S. M. C.

FLOATING CITADELS 191
Fitzhugh Green, U. S. N.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Dropping the Tug . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

The "Oregon" saluting the Flag-ship 66

At each discharge he would twirl round like a top and then spring high in the air with one loud "wow!" 98

A Destroyer 140

STORIES OF OUR NAVY

STORIES OF OUR NAVY

CAPTAIN DACRES'S HAT

BY WILL LEE

THE U.S.S. *Constitution,* Captain Isaac Hull commanding, seventeen days out from Boston in search of British frigates, was hove to with her main topsail to the mast, awaiting a boarding visit from an American brig which, having signaled her desire to communicate important information, was now lying to a short distance to leeward.

Captain Hull, believing that this information might have reference to the position of some enemy ship, impatiently paced the deck. Suddenly he stopped and with close-drawn, critical eyes inspected his ship. With a sense of pride he noted the glistening deck, her tall masts, wide-spreading yards, and snowy white sails. With satisfaction he watched the northwest breeze gently fill the fore and mizzen-topsails and balance this effort by flapping the main topsail lazily against the

mast. With trust he observed the smiling faces and confident bearing of the crew.

Pulled by four stalwart New England fishermen, a boat was approaching, and as it was laid alongside of the *Constitution* abreast the lee sea-ladder, the captain of the brig, whose rank was indicated only by his weather-beaten coat of blue, clambered briskly up the side.

Stepping to the deck, he faced aft and, glancing at the flag floating at the gaff, quickly touched his cap in salute, then, with a nod to the midshipman gentleman of the watch, crossed the deck to where Captain Hull was standing, and, saluting, addressed him:

"Captain Hull, I'm Captain Ira Stone, of the privateer *Sea Horse,* out of Salem. This morning at daybreak we found ourselves lying almost becalmed, just outside gun-range of a British frigate. She chased us for several hours, but in the light breeze we outsailed her, and about the time we sighted you she gave up the chase and laid a course to the south'ard."

"How long ago was that?" queried Captain Hull.

"About an hour since we lost sight of her, sir, but as she'd taken in her light sails, she can't be more than twelve miles to the sou'east'ard of you."

With a quick glance at the sky and with decision marking every word, Captain Hull gave his instructions to the officer of the watch:

"Mr. Read, boxhaul her and lay her before the wind. Course sou'east. Set all sail."

Turning to Captain Stone, he inquired, "Could you make out the Britisher's rate?"

"A thirty-eight, sir, I believe; but as she was bows on we couldn't count her guns."

"Good!" ejaculated Captain Hull. "As there are but four British thirty-eights on this station, she may be the *Guerrière*. I am especially anxious to meet that ship."

A smile overspread his broad, wind-tanned face; a new erectness was visible in his fleshy though powerful body; a fresh spring was in his hitherto heavy tread.

"Perhaps," thought he, "this is the day for which I've so fervently longed."

As the captain of the privateer, having been warmly thanked for his information, stepped lightly into his boat, the chirps and shrill trills of the boatswains' pipes were followed by hoarse calls of the boatswain and his mates: "All hands! Work ship!"

In an instant the decks were alive with men. Up through the hatches they came like ants from a hill. Quickly the good news spread among them

as they mingled on the deck. Sharp came the orders:

"Man the weather fore, lee main, and cro'jack braces! Jib and fore-staysail sheets!"

With a quiet orderliness and despatch which betokened the highest efficiency in officers and crew, the fore-yards were braced aback and the jib and fore-staysail sheets hauled aft. Then, as the main- and mizzen-yards were squared away, the ship's head fell rapidly off to leeward, and turning almost on her heel, she was soon standing to the southeastward with every sail from royals to lower studdingsails doing its share to overhaul the British frigate.

The captain watched intently the performance of these evolutions, and was conscious of a sense of power as he noted the alertness of the members of the crew, their quick response to orders, their apparent earnestness and enthusiasm in the execution of their duties. "This day," he thought, "they may have a chance to show their mettle." Seeing his ship bowling along before the freshening breeze, and being satisfied that he was doing all in his power to close the enemy ship, he went below to his cabin.

Seating himself at his desk, he opened a small drawer and drew from it his diary for the year

1810. Turning to June 15, he read with interest his entry for that date.

June 15, 1810. at Anchor. Delaware River.

Overhauling sails and cordage.

H.M.S. *Guerrière* (38) entered and anchored three cables to southward of us.

Exchanged calls with Captain Dacres. A fine ship. Smart crew. Ambitious and able captain.

Dined ashore with Colonel and Mrs. Peabody. Captain Dacres and several of his officers present.

In conversation with Captain Dacres after dinner, banteringly offered a wager of a cocked hat that the *Constitution* could defeat the *Guerrière,* which wager Captain Dacres promptly accepted.

Returning his diary and closing the drawer, Captain Hull crossed the cabin and, opening the arms chest, carefully examined his pistols. Finding them in good condition, he turned to his locker and from it removed and laid out on a sea-chest his newest uniform, epaulettes, and a brand-new cocked hat. Then, having, as he considered, made all the necessary preparations for a fight, he stripped off his coat, threw himself on his bunk, and took a nap.

On deck, the excitement of the chase had pervaded the crew. Shinning up the mast with the aid of the royal halliard, one lookout had stationed himself astride the fore royal-yard, hoping thus,

by his increased elevation, to be the first to sight a sail. The topmen, assisted by several quartermasters with telescopes, searched the horizon. The watch on deck, massed on the forecastle, discussed in anxious though buoyant tones the chance of overhauling the Britisher.

"Sail ho! Sail ho!" shouted the lookout on the fore royal-yard.

"Where away?" demanded the officer of the watch through his speaking-trumpet.

"Broad on the starboard bow, sir. A ship under lower sails only. Looks like a Britisher."

Raising his hand vertically to signify that he understood, the watch-officer called the orderly and by him sent the report to the captain.

Captain Hull was soon on deck, the bright smile on his plump face matched only by the brightness of the gold of his epaulettes and cocked hat. Upon being informed that the strange ship was apparently standing to the westward, close-hauled on the starboard tack, he directed the officer of the watch to take in the studdingsails and to change course to the southward to intercept the stranger.

Studdingsails were soon in and stowed. The *Constitution*, under all plain sail, running free with the wind on her starboard quarter, was fast closing the unknown ship. The wind had, since

noon, been gradually increasing in strength.

About four in the afternoon, the distance between the ships being then about four miles, the stranger eased away and, squaring her yards, ran off before the wind.

"She's trying to escape, sir," reported the officer of the watch.

"Then it isn't the *Guerrière,*" disconsolately replied the captain.

All telescopes were pointed at the stranger to see if there were any signs of her making more sail, but no one could be seen aloft. Captain Hull quickly realized that the strange ship had headed away to gain time to examine the *Constitution* more closely before beginning a fight, or perhaps to delay the action until all possible preparations for the battle had been made. Hoping that, if the latter was the case, he might force her to action before her preparations were completed, he gave the order: "Head for her. Keep all sails full."

The *Constitution,* still under all plain sail, continued to decrease the distance separating the ships.

Suddenly the Britisher—for she was now recognized to be such—swung to the westward on the starboard tack and, backing her maintopsail, appeared to be awaiting the attack.

Captain Hull, now being satisfied that the

enemy ship did not intend to avoid action, brought the *Constitution* by the wind on the larboard tack, and, backing the maintopsail, hove to while the light sails were taken in, the royal-yards sent down, and the topsails double reefed. As this maneuver was completed and the preparations for action finished, he carefully examined the enemy with his telescope. A broad smile illuminated his face as he read in big letters painted on the after side of her foresail: *Guerrière.*

Turning quickly to the first lieutenant, he snapped forth, "Mr. Morris, beat to quarters!" and to himself he murmured, "To-day I win my wager."

The roll of the drum was greeted with a cheer, and while the gun crews, stripped to the waist, prepared the battery for action, the *Constitution* was boxed off, and, again taking the wind on her starboard quarter, headed straight for the enemy.

Once more the Britisher stood off before the wind, the Yankee in hot pursuit. It was now apparent, however, that the *Guerrière* had not done this with a view to avoiding action, but to permit the use of her broadsides successively by wearing, changing course between salvos sufficiently to bring first one battery to bear and then the other.

As the *Constitution* closed to long-gun range, the *Guerrière,* breaking a British flag at each

masthead, opened fire with her stern guns, then, coming into the wind enough to bring her starboard battery to bear, she let go a broadside.

Changing her course only as much as necessary to avoid being raked, the *Constitution* plowed on. The lee bow guns were now pointing at the enemy, and Lieutenant Morris requested permission to open fire.

"Not yet," said the captain.

As the pall of smoke cleared her side, the *Guerrière* bore up, changing her course by wearing, and fired her larboard broadside. Yawing as before, the *Constitution* stood on.

"May I fire now?" asked Lieutenant Morris.

"Not yet!" replied the captain.

As splashes rose like geysers around the American ship the Britisher again fell off before the wind and, steadying her course, opened fire with her stern guns. The *Constitution,* being now directly astern of the *Guerrière,* was at a disadvantage, as she could bring no guns to bear. The Britisher must be overhauled to overcome this disadvantage

"Set the maintopgallant-sail! Double-shot the guns!" ordered Captain Hull.

With this additional spread of canvas, the Yankee gained rapidly.

"Break your battle-flags!" ordered the captain,

and as his ship drew abreast the enemy at half pistol-shot range, "Now, boys! Let them have it!"

Like unceasing lightning and thunder was the flash and roar of the guns. Like a fog the powder smoke, drifting before the wind, enshrouded the ships. Before the *Constitution* had passed the *Guerrière,* her double-shotted guns had riddled the Britisher's sides, sails, and rigging, and with a crash the *Guerrière's* mizzenmast went over the side.

"Hurrah, boys!" shouted Captain Hull. "We've made a brig of her!" Quickly realizing his advantage, the captain put his helm to port and, swinging under the enemy's bow, raked her fore and aft.

While forging ahead across the *Guerrière's* course, the *Constitution's* lee foretopsail-brace was shot away, and with a snap the topsail, which was shivering in the wind, due to the change of course, was backed against the mast. The headway which had been counted upon to clear the enemy's bow was deadened, and the bowsprit of the on-charging Britisher was soon foul of the Yankee's quarter.

A bugle-call and a shout, "Away boarders!" came from the enemy's now almost silent deck.

"Larboard gun-crews, repel boarders!" was Lieutenant Morris's quick response.

Lying now almost in the trough of the sea, the British bowsprit clinging desperately to the Yankee's quarter, the *Constitution's* starboard guns crashing the enemy's side with every flash, the British boarding-party, thwarted in its intended action by the violent motion of the ships, opened fire with muskets, and Lieutenant Morris and others fell wounded.

Hauling aft the weather jib and the foretopsail sheets, the captain swung the *Constitution* clear of the *Guerrière,* and as they parted, a final salvo from the Yankee guns carried away the enemy's foremast, which in its crash brought the mainmast with it. Before the noise of cracking spars and ripping canvas had subsided, another British flag was flying defiantly from the stump of the mizzenmast which remained standing.

Knowing that the enemy ship in her disabled condition could not escape, Captain Hull, finding his rigging badly damaged and the wind and sea increasing, fell off to leeward out of gun-range and hove to to make repairs before resuming the engagement.

Night was fast approaching. About dark a gun, fired to leeward from the *Guerrière,* shattered the silence. All Yankee eyes turned to look for the British flag which had been flying from the stump

of the mizzenmast, but in the dusk no one could tell if it still floated.

Directing that a boat be lowered, Captain Hull turned to Lieutenant Read and ordered him to pull to the British ship and inquire whether or not she had struck her colors. Shortly before eight o'clock the returning boat, in answer to the hail, replied, *"Guerrière,"* signifying that Captain Dacres was in the boat.

As the British captain reached the deck he stumbled. Captain Hull, rushing to his assistance, took him sympathetically by the hand, remarking: "Dacres, you're wounded. May I help you?" Supporting the captain by the arm, the big-hearted Yankee conducted his erstwhile antagonist across the deck and down the hatch to his cabin.

The light of the oil lamps seemed to revive Captain Dacres. Straightening his well-built frame and saluting with dignity, he addressed the victorious captain:

"Captain Hull, the best ship won." Unhooking his sword and holding it forward, he continued, "Here is my sword."

"Captain Dacres," replied Captain Hull, "we have met an enemy worthy of our steel. Please keep your sword." Then as a kindly smile brightened his face he added: "I will, however, accept your *hat!*"

CAPTAIN PORTER AND THE "ESSEX"

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN

THE *Essex* was a small frigate, built on Winter Island in Salem harbor in 1799. She was rated as a thirty-two, though mounting in reality forty thirty-two pound carronades and six long twelves. After various noteworthy cruises, in one of which she first carried the pennant of a United States ship-of-war beyond the Cape of Good Hope, she was placed under command of Captain David Porter, a young officer who was first lieutenant of the *Philadelphia* at Tripoli, and was already distinguished for his daring and skill. She was assigned in the summer of 1812 to the squadron of Commodore Bainbridge, who had been appointed to the *Constitution* after her famous fight with the *Guerrière,* and had made her his flag-ship. In pursuance of his orders, the *Essex,* Captain Porter, sailed October 28 from the Delaware, with a full crew of three hundred and nineteen souls, and a large supply of stores which made her deep and impeded her speed. She was to meet the Commo-

dore at Porto Praya St. Jago, in the Cape De Verde Islands, but failing to reach there in season, then continued on to the second rendezvous at Fernando de Noronha, off Brazil.

During this long cruise, the *Essex* had fallen in with but one of the enemy's vessels, the brig *Noctau,* which surrendered at the first fire. The prize was sent to the States with a prize crew, but was recaptured; however, $55,000 in specie found on board of her had luckily been transferred to the *Essex.*

At Fernando de Noronha, Captain Porter received a letter from Commodore Bainbridge directing him to lie off Cape Frio to the southward for the *Constitution.* But he was disappointed again, and after beating against violent head winds and chasing some of the enemy's merchantmen, the *Essex* put into St. Catherine's for a supply of water. As it had now become useless for Captain Porter to search farther for the *Constitution,* he was obliged to devise some new plan of action for his further movements. As English influence was so great in the ports of South America as to make them hostile to American ships, he was unable to revictual on that coast, and, apparently, would be forced to return to the United States. But with enterprise and courage characteristic of his ardent nature, Captain Porter resolved, instead

of returning to the States, to weather Cape Horn and ravage the Pacific, destroying the whale-ships of the enemy and living on the stores with which he knew they would be abundantly provided.

It was a daring but, as the event proved, a practicable scheme. The voyage around the Horn was of the roughest sort. The spirit of the black, rocky, inhospitable Cape gave the adventurous little frigate a rude greeting. For many days she buffeted adverse seas, and when, after the weary voyagers thought themselves at last clear of the land and that the violence of the winds was abated, a gale of tremendous fury suddenly arose, and the exhausted crew were again clinging to the slanting yards, furling and reefing the flapping sails. An ocean current setting to leeward obliged them to keep a press of sail on the laboring vessel in order to claw off the land, and about midnight she plunged her head into a sea which swept the decks, and rushed below in such floods that all on board thought she was foundering; but, staggering under the blow, the *Essex* retained her buoyancy, and her bow lifted once more on the surge. It was a narrow escape, and had the force of the gale not blown itself out soon after, the ship must have been lost.

On March 15 the *Essex* ran into the port of Valparaiso and cast anchor. To the surprise and

joy of the crew, Chile had lately revolted from the rule of Spain, and was therefore friendly to the United States, so that a very cordial reception was given to Captain Porter and his crew, and all facilities were afforded them for laying in the stores of which they were in such pressing want. After obtaining considerable valuable information from American whale-ships in port concerning the English privateers and whalers in the Pacific, Captain Porter put to sea, heading northward.

The first prize taken was the Peruvian privateer *Nereyda,* cruising after American whalers. Her guns and ammunition were thrown overboard, and she was then released. After recapturing the American whaler *Barclay,* the *Essex* gradually cruised to Charles Island, where was a box among the rocks, called "a post-office," in which the whalers left accounts of their luck and future movements. A curious post-office was this in mid-ocean, without postmaster or postage, whose contents could be read by all whether friend or foe, and foe did sometimes read the "Pacific mail," for Captain Porter found in it information that proved of much value. Continuing his cruise among the Galápagos Islands, he chased and captured three large whalers, which made considerable show of resistance. They were all well armed and provisioned. Of these the *Georgiana* was

turned into a cruiser; guns from the other ships were put into her, which, with those she had, made a battery of sixteen guns; she was manned by a prize crew from the *Essex* of forty-one men, and was then sent off to capture whalemen in her turn. After taking two more prizes, the *Essex* put in at Tumbez, on the coast of Ecuador, with six prizes in company. Here she was soon joined by the *Georgiana,* which in her independent cruise had captured three of the enemy's ships. At Tumbez the largest of the prizes was turned into a sloop-of-war, twenty guns were mounted on her deck, a crew of sixty men manned her, and she was named the *Essex, Junior.* After a general salute, the *Essex,* with all her prizes, put to sea, when the *Essex, Junior,* with five of the prizes in company, sailed for Valparaiso.

One of the prizes captured by the *Essex* was taken in a calm by means of drags invented by Captain Porter. They were triangular pieces of canvas stretched on a frame, weighted on one side, and were dropped in the water from the sprit sailyard on the bowsprit. By pulling on them from the stern, then dropping them again ahead, the ship was forced through the water at the rate of two miles an hour. At Banks Bay the frigate was joined by the *Essex, Junior,* which brought the important information that the Chilean Govern-

ment was becoming hostile toward the United States, and that the British Government, alarmed by the news of Captain Porter's depredations among their shipping, had despatched several ships-of-war to the Pacific in pursuit of the *Essex*. Accordingly, he concluded to refit at the Marquesas Islands, and anchored in the bay of Nookaheevah with all his fleet. Up to this time the *Essex* had taken fourteen vessels, several of which had letters of marque, comprising in all four thousand tons and about four hundred prisoners; and a year after sailing from the Chesapeake she was lying safely in a beautiful island port in the Central Pacific surrounded by a fleet of her prizes, attended by a consort, and well provided with all the needful stores.

The long cruise was now varied by a stay at Nookaheevah, where the crew luxuriated in its lovely valleys, under its groves of cocas, and mingled harmoniously with the naked, tatooed islanders, who swam off in crowds to meet the ships as they entered the harbor. One adventure gave a temporary excitement to the crew. The natives were divided into rival tribes, Typees and Happars, who dwelt in separate valleys, and were often at war with each other. The Happars being enemies to the Typees, who had received the *Essex* with such hospitality, showed hostilities toward

the Americans in so decided a manner that Captain Porter was obliged to send a large detachment on shore to chastise them. Joined by their manly but savage allies, the sailors, after a severe fight, succeeded in entering the hostile district, and inflicting such injuries on the Happars as secured themselves from further molestation.

After lying some weeks at Nookaheevah, the *Essex* and the *Essex, Junior,* sailed for Valparaiso, where Captain Porter was desirous of meeting the English frigate *Phœbe,* which had been sent in search of him; but when that vessel at last appeared off the port, she was, most unexpectedly to Captain Porter, accompanied by the *Cherub,* a sloop-of-war, of twenty-eight guns and one hundred and eighty men, while the *Phœbe* carried forty-six guns and a crew of over three hundred men.

The *Phœbe* dropped into the harbor with a light breeze. Captain Porter had ranged his men at quarters in full preparation for an attack, as he was aware that although Valparaiso was a neutral port, the English would not hesitate to open fire if it were of advantage for them to do so. An exciting episode now ensued, for as the *Phœbe* glided to her anchorage she passed very near to the *Essex,* and as her commander hailed the American ship and inquired after Captain Porter's health

the latter replied that he would not answer for the consequences if the vessels should come foul of each other. Captain Hillyar replied that he did not intend to attack; but just at that instant the wind took the *Phœbe* aback, and she fell aboard of the *Essex,* her bowsprit swinging over the quarter-deck of the latter.

Captain Porter called away his boarders, and would have been perfectly justified in raking the English ship with his guns, but Captain Hillyar warmly protested that the collision was purely accidental, and by trimming his sails succeeded in backing his ship out of her awkward position. Had Captain Porter opened fire at that critical moment, there is little doubt that he would have achieved a result entirely different from that which befell him in the fight that afterward followed.

For six weeks the hostile ships maneuvered in and around the port of Valparaiso, the *Essex* being found to outsail the enemy, so that she could easily have escaped, but Captain Porter preferred instead to fight the *Phœbe,* if he could engage her singly; this, however, Captain Hillyar carefully avoided, being evidently under orders not to engage the American ship except with the aid of the *Cherub,* a fact which shows with what respect English seamen now regarded the American Navy, for never before this war had such a thing been

known as that an English ship should avoid a fight with an enemy of equal force. But in this case the importance of capturing the *Essex,* and the doubtful result of meeting her with a single ship and equal force, were so apparent, that the enemy showed a wariness very rare in the English marine.

After waiting several weeks for a fair fight, and learning that a number of English men-of-war were daily expected at Valparaiso, Captain Porter finally concluded to sail; but before he was quite ready to put to sea, a heavy wind from the south made the *Essex* drag her anchors to the mouth of the harbor, which runs north and south. Nothing remained but to make sail, with the hope of clearing the enemy's ships, which were lying near the point of angles at the western extremity of the port. But this is a very dangerous headland, squalls often coming off in heavy puffs, and just as the *Essex* was shortening sail when passing the bluff, a squall struck the ship, carrying away the maintopmast, throwing a number of the crew overboard, and effectually crippling the vessel.

Under these severe circumstances, Captain Porter could only stand before the wind to the northeastern side of the harbor, where he cast anchor within half-a-mile of a Chilean battery, thus being in neutral water and protected from attack, as one

would think, by the law of nations. But Captain Hilyar, entirely regardless of this circumstance, or of the honor shown by Captain Porter in not attacking him on a similar occasion, at once took advantage of the disabled condition of the *Essex* to place his vessel astern of the American frigate, where he could pour in a terrific raking fire, and at the same time be scarcely touched by her guns.

The *Cherub* also hauled across the bow of the *Essex,* but finding that the forward guns of her antagonist could play upon her, took up a position near the *Phœbe.* The most Captain Porter could do was to run three long twelves through the stern ports, and these were trained with such effect on the enemy, that in half an hour they were obliged to move out of range to repair the injuries received. Three times during this first fight the *Essex* was veered around by springs or hawsers drawing on the cable from the stern, with the purpose of getting her broadsides to bear, but in each case the springs were shot away, and the batteries of the *Essex* proved of little use.

After repairing, the English ships sailed down and took position on the quarter of the *Essex,* where she could not get any of her guns to bear. To stand their fire without making any return was very galling, and although, such were the injuries

she had suffered in her rigging, the flying-jib was the only sail that could be hoisted on the *Essex* to make her pay off before the wind, it was spread, and the ship gradually bore down to board the *Phœbe*. The American crew, under the perfection of discipline, and not in the least disheartened, now opened a tremendous fire, which soon drove the *Cherub* out of range of her guns and forced her to remain at a distance. The *Phœbe* also kept out of reach of the *Essex,* having a leading wind and content to blaze away with her long eighteens, which wrought great execution on the decks of the American ship. Fifteen men fell in succession at one of the guns of the *Essex*.

Every expedient for saving the vessel had now been tried in vain. She was helpless before the tremendous fire of the *Phœbe,* unable to return the fire on account of her position, and, in addition to all these horrors, the flames were bursting from her hatches. Captain Porter, still unwounded and resolute to fight it out to the last, finally listened to the entreaties of his crew, who represented that further resistance was worse than useless, and he reluctantly ordered the colors to be struck.

No more desperate and bloody combat is recorded in the annals of modern naval history. The battle was fought by the *Essex* against great odds,

for not only did she have to combat two ships, one her superior and the other a respectable antagonist, the *Essex Junior* being altogether unfit to engage in such a conflict, but during nearly the entire contest she could make only six of her guns available, besides having all her top hamper so damaged as to render it next to impossible to work the ship.

How great were the disadvantages under which she was fought is evident by the losses she sustained. In the naval actions of that war the losses of the English ships were almost always greater than those of the Americans, owing, among other reasons, to the superior gunnery of the latter. But in the fight off Valparaiso, the *Essex,* out of a total of two hundred and fifty-five souls on board, lost one hundred and fifty-two, while the enemy's crews, numbering just five hundred men, sustained a loss of only fifteen killed and wounded! This fact alone, considering the length, skill, and desperation of the battle, shows conclusively under what disadvantages Captain Porter fought, and what credit he deserved for maintaining the unequal contest so long.

Captain Hillyar permitted the *Essex Junior,* to be turned into a cartel-ship, or vessel for carrying prisoners destined to be exchanged, and allowed the surviving crew of the *Essex* to sail in her for

the United States. Off New York the *Essex Junior* was overhauled by an English frigate, and for fear he should be detained by her, Captain Porter, while still thirty miles from shore, made his escape in a whale-boat, being assisted in the attempt by a fog which concealed him from the English vessel. However, the *Essex Junior,* was soon allowed to proceed, and the gallant survivors of the crew of the ill-fated but glorious frigate *Essex* once more stepped gladly forth upon their native land.

Captain Porter afterward published an account of his famous cruise, in two volumes, which contains many interesting details, and is well worth perusal. Among other matters he mentions the circumstance that there was on board a young midshipman who was very desirous of engaging in the foray in the Marquesas Islands, but was prevented on account of his youth; he afterward distinguished himself for his unflinching courage during the trying scenes of the fight at Valparaiso, and would, for his conduct at that time, have been recommended for promotion if his extreme youth had not hindered such a reward of merit, he being but little over twelve years of age. This young hero lived to win immortal fame in the naval operations in the War of Secession, being no other

than David G. Farragut, who, for some time before his death, held the highest position in the American Navy. He went to school in his profession early, and, although it was a rough training, its results proved invaluable to the country.

"SLUSHY" THE ROUSTABOUT

BY HOWARD E. AMES, U.S.N.

IN 1875–77, while attached to the *Richmond,* flag-ship of the South Pacific station and afterwards of the South Atlantic, I found several boys among the crew. Not apprentice boys, for our apprentice system was just being established; but in all ships a few boys were enlisted and considered apprentice boys. It is one of these boys whose story I shall tell you.

A few days after I joined the ship, we were sailing north from Callao to Panama, along the coast of South America, before the constant but gentle gale that prevails on that coast from Valparaiso to Panama. The shore looked brown and barren, but the Cordilleras were lovely in their soft veil of blue haze. The day was one of those rare ones, so clear and beautiful, with the sea and sky so blue, that we were treated to a view that few enjoy. The snow-capped tops of the distant Andes showed themselves far above the lower clouds that hid their flanks and shoulders,

revealing only the loftier peaks against a broad and unbroken sheet of blue sky. They resembled white fleecy clouds flecked with gray and brown, rather than mountaintops. Had you seen them, so high above the Cordilleras, you would have taken them for clouds instead of solid earth.

It was a genuine lazy day, so charming, clear, mild, and warm that all hands were on deck—just such a day and such a sea as, sailors say, "would make sailors of our grandmothers, if they experienced such weather!" The ship was clean, and everything so bright; our sails filled so steadily and with such even strain by the gentle gale that not a spun-yarn started. What a soft, sweet song the wind sang through our rigging! Even old Ocean seemed happy, for the little waves danced merrily in the sun. Not a single white-capped grandmother wave or white-haired grandfather wave was to be seen, but the grandchildren wavelets were out and having a glorious time. The watch on deck had almost nothing to do, and the watch below were all on deck. The ship's crew is divided into two parts: one half is on deck for four hours, and then they are off duty; so those who are not on duty are called the watch *below,* because, if they wish, they can go below; while the watch on deck can *never* leave the deck unless ordered or by special permission. Some were

smoking or playing checkers, a favorite game with "Jack"; others were overhauling their clothes-bags or ditty-boxes, and others sewing, reading, or napping: each suiting his individual fancy, and all happy, contented, and cheerful.

I was leaning over the forecastle rail near the cat-head, day-dreaming, watching the white wedge of foam as it curled back from the bow and shoulders of our good ship, listening to the soft, sweet notes of Ocean's voice made by the little waves kissing our ship's bow and then jumping back, falling over one another in their glee, while we easily rolled along, rising and bowing to each crest or hollow that crossed our course. The soft swish of the water had lulled me into a happy, half-dreamy state when a voice at my elbow roused me.

"Is that real land 'way up in the sky, sir?" asked a boy who stood by my side, as he nodded toward the peaks.

"Oh, yes," I replied; "they are real mountain-tops projecting above the clouds."

In a low, sad voice he said: "I wish I was up there."

"Why?"

"Because I'd be happier and feel better."

His remark arrested my attention, and I looked at him. He stood gazing up at the peaks in the

sky, with his hands pressed against his breast. My impression of the boy was not favorable. In fact, his shiftless and untidy appearance was so unusual on a man-o'-war that I examined him more carefully. His shoes were not polished, but were rubbed and washed by the salt water until they had a rusty color; instead of shoe-lacings, he had them fastened with rope-yarns; his trousers were ill-fitting and dirty, and the back lacing was a white string instead of black braid or silk, while buttons were sadly wanting; his shirt, in keeping with his trousers, dirty. The white braid on cuffs and collar was soiled and greasy; his cap had no grommet on it, and hung limp on the side of his head; the cap ribbon was frayed and soiled and the letters dimmed by grease and dirt; his knife-lanyard was a piece of hammock-clue. His hands were dirty and his finger-nails black; his neck was not clean and his hair was long and uncombed. His like I had never seen before in the navy, and I was astonished and not pleased. His face was not a bad one at all; rather, a good one. His features were regular—a well-formed, broad forehead, grayish blue eyes, straight, full nose, well-shaped mouth, with good teeth and a good chin. He was browned by the sun, but his complexion would have been called fair without the tan. His whole attitude was slouchy.

"Boy, what is your name?" I asked.

"My name is William H——, but they call me 'Slushy' on the ship."

"Jack" has a habit of nicknaming his shipmates, but this name struck me as one that suited the bearer exactly, although a very unpleasant name. Slush is the skimmings from the salt pork or beef ("salt-horse") after it is boiled, and it is used to slush or rub down the mast or spars after they have been scraped bright.

"Why do they call you by such a name?" I asked.

He seemed to blush, and he hung his head, but did not answer.

"Billy," I said, "you are not very clean-looking. You should have more pride about you. Why are you not more tidy? You are not a lazy boy—are you?"

"I know my looks are against me, sir; but I can't help it. No one—"

"Here, Slushy, clean out your spitkids. Shake a leg and get out of here, or I'll tow you to the mast!" Old Nick Anderson, our chief boatswain's mate—an old "shell-back," whose face, though rough, tanned, and wrinkled, was as kind and tender as a woman's—had spoken, and stood glaring at Slushy in harmless severity. Slushy slowly turned and slouched away.

"Anderson," I asked, "who is that boy, and what is the matter with him?"

"Sir," as he touched his cap, "Billy is a genniwine roustabout—a reg'lar beach-comber; must 'a' been a wharf-rat. No good, sir, no good! Ought to be put on the beach, sir. But he's a boy, sir, and we can't put him ashore in a foreign country, for he was shipped at home. When I was a boy, sir, like him, a dose of the cat took the turns out of such youngsters; but that's gone, sir, with the old junk."

"Do you believe in whipping with the cat, Nick?"

"Well, sir, takin' it full and by, we're better without it. I've seed many a good sailor's back broke and the spirit all knocked out of him. I've knowed many a frigate-bird turned into a booby by the cat, sir. You see, sir, sailors is like ships: you got to study 'em. Some does better when they are down by the head, some wants to be trimmed by the starn; some's good all round, some sails better free. Why, I knowed a ship that sailed better on the port tack than she did on the starboard. It's a fact, sir; her lines wa'n't the same on both sides.

"Why is men different? You doctors may know; I don't. I think they're like ships. Now there's Moldy; he's left-handed and long-sparred,

but there ain't a better topman in the ship, sir. An old shipmate of mine on the *Oneida* was slew-eyed on the port side, sir, but he had the best eyes in the ship, sir; he'd pick up land before any officer or man in the ship, sir. Slew was a fine swimmer, too, but he got drownded. He went aft with me to look after the steering-gear after we was struck by the Englishman, and afore we knowed it he was in the water; he was drownded. The *Oneida* wreck sent lots of my chums to Davy Jones, and here I am. It's curious how things go.

"Well, I can't make nothin' out o' Slushy. The first lieutenant, Mr. R——, gave him to me, but I give him up. He ain't bad, but he's more trouble than one stunsail-boom in variable weather, sir, and lazier than the doldrums. He's a disgrace to the service, sir; a disgrace to the ship!"

Nick went off, muttering to himself.

I watched Slushy at the port head-pump, cleaning the forecastle spitkids. He would pump a few strokes with one hand and then with the other, holding the free hand against his breast; and occasionally he gazed out vacantly on the western waters. A mess-cook came up to the head-pump with slop-bucket in one hand and swabs in the other, to wash out his mess-kettle. Without a word, he kicked the spitkid from under the spout,

shoved Slushy aside, and washed out his kettle. Low words of remonstrance were spoken by the boy, which were answered by the cook with a swipe of the dirty swab full in his face. Slushy, with a low cry, started toward the cook, who made another dab with the swab. Before a blow had passed I quickly stepped across the forecastle and called sharply to them. With indignation on his face, Slushy stepped back, said nothing, but wiped his face with his hands and then wiped his hands on his trousers. I reprimanded the man for his cowardly, needless attack, and threatened to report him; but as he was a good man I let him off with the rebuke. His excuse was that Slushy was always in the way and too slow, and *he* was in a hurry to finish his work.

Little sympathy was expressed on the faces of the men whose attention had been attracted by the episode—a smile, rather, of commendation for the cook and pity for me. Slushy had distributed his spitkids and gone.

Afterward I occasionally saw Slushy, but under unfavorable conditions. I noticed him lazily going aloft, or in hauling on a rope shirking with one hand; he never took part in any games or was seen with any one; and I saw him eating his meals alone and apart from his messmates; perhaps he belonged to no mess. Once I saw him

smiling and petting two guinea-pigs that belonged to Jimmy Lind, our foremastman. Jimmy called his pets "my boys," and had built them a little house raised on legs, about eight inches square, with a sleeping-nest below and a cage on top. The "boys" were very tame, liked to be rubbed and scratched, and would eat from the hand. Slushy was petting them, when he was rudely driven off by Jimmy Lind:

"Let my boys alone, and keep away from them; I don't want them p'isoned."

The poor boy slunk away, his smile fading into the old sad look. Poor Slushy! It was plain that he was an outcast—a roustabout.

I felt so sorry for him that I spoke to Jimmy, who said: "Doctor, he is so dirty he'll p'ison my boys; and them boys is so partic'lar they don't like it; do you, boys?" And he patted each.

In Panama it was my custom every morning to take a salt-water plunge off the gangway. A swim is dangerous on account of the sharks that infest the bay. I had had my bath, was dressed and standing on the starboard gangway one morning, when I noticed Slushy on a little raft with the side-cleaner and scrubbers. Our wooden ships were covered with copper below the water-line to prevent the teredo—a sea-worm—from boring into the wood; also, to prevent the fouling of the

ship's bottom by the growth of seaweed and barnacles, especially in port, which would seriously impair her sailing, owing to the large mass that forms. On a man-o'-war the copper above and for a short distance below the water-line was scrubbed off, so that the copper looked clean and bright. This disagreeable work was disliked by the men, and was generally done by men who had violated some of the regulations of the ship and had been placed upon the restricted or black list. I have been on a ship where there was no black-list—a rare thing!—and then it was done by men detailed for the purpose, and they were changed often so they could not feel it was a punishment. In this case Slushy was among the black-listers; I suppose he was always a black-lister.

He was the same listless, lazy boy. He was holding the grab-rope with one hand, while the other was pressed against his breast. The grab-rope is looped along the side to hold on to when boats are alongside or in case any one should fall overboard. Slushy was, as usual, gazing at nothing. His absent manner attracted the attention of the others, and a silent signal was soon passed among them. Suddenly the catamaran was jerked astern; Slushy, off his guard, lost his balance and fell overboard. Down he went with a splash close to the side of the ship; slowly he

rose, shook the salt water from his shock of hair, blew it from his mouth and nose, and quickly took a stroke to his greasy cap, which had been jerked beyond him, put it on his head, swam back to the catamaran, climbed up amid the laughter of the others, and resumed his place at the grab-rope.

I joined in the laugh, for the water was warm, and it was a ludicrous sight to see the wild gyrations of his arms and his awkward efforts to keep his balance on the raft, and the sudden, startled look on his face. All made a funny picture. I thought it a good lesson that would teach him practically to pay more attention to his work. He saw me laugh, but said nothing; neither did his face change; he resumed his old position, the water running and dripping from him in little streams.

My laugh was soon checked as I saw blood trickling down his cheek; and when I called to him, telling him of the fact, he wiped his temple with his hand, and this he cleaned on his wet trousers, but made no comment. The blood still running in a tiny stream down his face and dropping from his chin, I called the catamaran, and as they hauled to the gangway Slushy stooped down and bathed his head with salt water. The laughter had given way to seriousness, and I

thought his comrades looked, as I felt, thoroughly ashamed.

In a few minutes Slushy came aboard and down to the sick-bay, leaving a trail of salt water and blood past the crew on deck, who were silent and unsympathizing. He sat down, looking paler in contrast with the crimson blood, and his face seemed sadder. I thought that his eyes were filled with tears, but none fell. His mouth was firmly closed, his hands pressed, in the old way, against his breast. I cut away the hair, and found a jagged scalp-wound, neither serious nor very deep, his head having come in contact with some ragged copper on the ship's side when he fell overboard. I sent for his bag of clothes, that he might get a dry suit, but before it arrived he rose to leave the sick-bay. I told him to sit down again, and I soon had him fixed up in good shape.

While I was checking the flow of blood his hands dropped from his breast, and as he held one with the other, palms up, I quickly noticed them. They were cracked, swollen, and ready to bleed. A careful examination revealed a skin disease which shows itself in the palms, and his were in a bad condition. He said nothing; neither did I for some time; I was busy with my thoughts and so mortified and ashamed that I could not have said anything. How my heart went out to

the poor boy! The truth came to me, with a rush, that he was a sufferer, that he had been suffering for a long time patiently and uncomplainingly; how he had been misjudged, abused, cruelly treated, trampled down ruthlessly, I felt, to the point of despair!

How clearly now I understood his shortcomings! I knew why his hands were held against his breast; why his clothes were soiled, face and hands unwashed, shoes not blackened or tied; why he had used one hand at a time, why he shirked pulling a rope, and went aloft so slowly; why he wiped his hands on his trousers. He could not do otherwise. I felt, as all medical men would under such circumstances, ashamed. My professional pride was humbled, for I should have found this out before—should have noticed the constant attitude of this poor boy and sought out the cause of it. I should have questioned him more closely, and not have blundered, as it were, upon the truth.

I drew a chair close up in front of him, and, taking his unresisting hands in my own, spoke as gently as I could to him. His condition made my face burn with shame and caused my heart to ache as did his poor tortured hands. My heart within me warmed to him.

"Billy, my boy," I said, "I beg your pardon.

I am sorry that I have thought ill of you. You will forget it, won't you? I am sorry I did not know of this before. I thought you a worthless, miserable boy—and I was mistaken. You have been ill-treated and abused without cause. No one has been friendly to you, and you feel lonely and sick. Cheer up, my lad. We will get your hands cured, and you can make a fresh start in the world."

Looking up at me, he tried to speak. His mouth was tightly closed, and tears filled his eyes and ran down his cheeks; his nostrils dilated, and the corners of his mouth drooped. He struggled to his feet, looked at me for a moment, and, turning, threw both arms about an old oaken stanchion that stood by, and, with bowed head, wept and sobbed as though his very heart were breaking.

It was a sad, sad sight, and tears were in my own eyes. There he clung, trembling from head to foot, completely broken down. The master-at-arms brought in his bag, laid it softly on deck, and tiptoed out of the sick-bay. The nurses withdrew at a motion from me, and I was left alone with Slushy, who clung, poor boy, to that stanchion as though it were his mother's arm he was clasping. In his long, weary life on the ship he had longed for love and sympathy, and not a single word of kindness or encouragement had

he received. He yearned for just what you and I would, were we alone among a crowd, sick, discouraged, misunderstood, driven by rude push or perhaps harsh blows, seeking for some face, either human or animal, to look kindly at or speak to us. At last he had turned to the dumb oak post and there found comfort. It stood firm; it did not repel him or shrink from him; it uttered no harsh words or derisive jeers. A bond of sympathy seemed to exist.

I thought of how the oak had been beaten by the local storms that swept the forest in which it lived; how it was happy with its fellow-companions in the woods, swaying its leaves in the winds and sunshine—happy days!—until it had been torn from its home and, like Slushy, become a wanderer on our ship, though filling a useful purpose because guided and fitted by careful hands. Could not Slushy, I thought, be made upright and good, and fill a useful purpose in life, and, perhaps, support some poor afflicted heart as his own was being supported by that old post?

With these thoughts I turned to Slushy. He had ceased crying, but an occasional deep, jerky sigh showed how his heart had been stirred. I called one of the nurses and we had a dry suit put on him in a jiffy. With warm fresh water, Castile soap, and a soft sponge, I soon had washed and

dressed his poor hands. While doing this I asked Billy why he had not come to me about his hands. He said he had been once to another doctor, a long time before when they were "not so bad," and they had been treated; but that they had "got bad again," and the men had told him that they needed toughening by pulling on ropes—that they were only tender. He had tried to harden them, but they would not harden.

Every one had "got down on" him; he had kept dropping behind; he had been punished so many times for so many things that he concluded it was his own fault.

"And," he said, "I kind o' gave up. I am strong, sir. When my hands got better, then I'd work hard; and then they'd get bad again and bust open, and hurt so that I couldn't hold or pull nothin'. And the salt water makes 'em sting so. I can't sew with them, and I couldn't even black my shoes. I paid to have my hammock washed, but the feller didn't do it so it would pass inspection. And at last they all gave me up, sir. I kept hopin' they'd get better so I could make a new start, and I was goin' to ask to be transferred to the *Omaha* or the *Onward*. If you'll get 'em well and get me transferred I'll try again, sir," the boy assured me.

I was thus brought into close relations with Billy—for he was to be known as Billy hereafter,

and, to help effect this change of name, I immediately ordered the men connected with the medical department not to use the name Slushy, appealing to their sense of justice. They all promised, and, so far as I know, faithfully kept their word.

We now come to a pleasant period in Billy's life. The change that took place was wonderful. For a time his hands were under treatment and he was not allowed to use them. He had been given a warm bath, and his face was bright and clean and his hair nicely cut. New, broad tape laces replaced the rope yarn; a new suit of clothes was made by one of the men, and his old clothes washed; his shoes were polished by one of the nurses; and a smart new cap with well-fitting grommet and new ribbon, having an American flag at each end of the woven gilt letters "U. S. S. Richmond," with a neat bow at the side, took the place of his old greasy cap. How well he looked! The pained, set look was gone from his face, and he no longer kept his hands pressed against his chest when on deck. I had him, by request, made a messenger boy, and he acted so promptly that he was soon noticed by the officers and spoken to more kindly. The men were not long in learning the cause of his previous miserable appearance, and feeling their condemnation of the boy unjust, quickly changed it, like true sailors, to sympathy; their regret of their

harsh judgment was apparent in their actions toward him.

Soon Billy's hands were nicely healed, and, as he was anxious to return to duty, I tried to think of some work less severe for his hands than that of the deck. Happily, he solved my trouble by asking if I would request to have him assigned as a lamp-trimmer. This was just the thing. The oil would be good for his hands, and I learned that the trimmers did not like the billet. The position being easily obtained, Billy took charge, and was stationed next the dispensary in the dark and not very large lamp-room. How he scrubbed and fixed things in shape! And it was soon noticed that the standing lights, as well as all the lamps and lanterns in the ship, were bright, clean, and well trimmed, seldom smoked, and gave their full capacity of light. I noticed that Billy was always in the lamp-room during the day, and seldom seen on deck even in the evening. I supposed he was reading when not at work. One day I stopped at the door, and saw him busy with slate and pencil—so busy that he did not notice me. He started, with a salute and smile, when I inquired what he was doing.

"Tryin' to study algebra, sir," he answered.

"Algebra, Billy? Algebra! Have you ever studied it?"

"No, sir; but I thought I would try to work it out." In answer to my question as to whether he had studied arithmetic, he said: "I've just finished it, sir."

"Just finished? Who has been teaching you?"

"No one, sir; I worked it out myself, all the way from long division."

An examination revealed the fact that Billy had gone through the whole arithmetic, and knew it from cover to cover. I was greatly astonished and interested, for it is unusual to find a boy showing so much determination. And now he was studying algebra unaided! He gladly accepted my offer to help him, and made rapid progress. Very soon I discovered Billy's deficiency in common branches. His education was very meager, as he had attended school only a short time.

Here was a sailor-boy knowing the points of the compass, the names of many ports, and that he was in South America, who yet did not know whether we were in the eastern or the western hemisphere, or whether the countries we visited were republics, kingdoms, or empires. His knowledge of our own country—its history, its extent, its government, everything that our boys should know—was nearly as poor. He was honest in acknowledging his ignorance, and anxious to learn. Every evening, after I had purchased some books

for him, when it did not conflict with my duty I would hear him recite lessons in geography, history, and algebra. Besides, I had him read aloud to me in the dispensary his lessons for the next day, and gave him a copy-book, in which I had him copy a certain amount from some good book.

The rapidity with which he progressed was really wonderful, and he would go beyond the lessons I set him. Being encouraged to ask questions, he asked very sensible ones. All this study was done in addition to his regular duties, and done cheerfully and quickly. He never halted a moment, but went at his work with such a will and in so systematic a way that he had a good amount of time which he devoted to study.

During an outbreak of fever on the ship, when our captain and many officers—our fleet surgeon among them—were ill, our apothecary court-martialed, and I suffering with a sprained ankle, though obliged to be about, Billy proved of valuable assistance to me. He saw the condition of things and asked if he might help me. I accepted his services, and, perched on a stool beside the scales, I would indicate the bottle I required, and Billy would bring it to me. He would ask the meanings of the abbreviations on the labels, and, to my surprise, he soon told me he knew every article in

the dispensary. I allowed him to rub up the medicines and help make pills, taught him the weights and measures used, and let him try weighing and compounding the medicines, which he did, in a short time, accurately and quickly.

He showed the same active mind in lessons in materia medica and pharmacy, and I am safe in saying that he learned more in six weeks than others would learn in the same number of months. With the sick he showed his kindness and gentleness, and he was ever ready. Finally I allowed him to give the medicines, and in this duty he was also prompt and methodical.

"Billy, I fear you have too much to do," I said to him one day.

"No, sir," he replied; "I am learning so much every day, and am happier now that I've been for years. I know so little that I wish there was more time in the day, it goes away so fast."

Among the fever-stricken was the man who had hit Billy with the dirty swab, and Billy treated him with the same consideration and kindness that he showed others. That he remembered (and he must have remembered) the assault and insult, he never showed. The man confessed to me his regrets at his harsh treatment of Billy, saying, "I don't know what to do, sir." I told him to speak like a man to Billy and to apologize. I was pleased

to learn he had done so, for it made Billy so happy; his face showed it, though he never mentioned it.

While back again in Callao, Billy kept at his books. He read Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" to great advantage, tracing out all the marches with atlas before him.

What a new interest this country had for him now! I saw that his trips ashore were always a delight to him. He visited Lima, saw the chapel Pizarro built, and took an interest in the old palaces that were built by the governor-generals when Spain ruled the country, long before Peru became a republic. With interest he examined the ancient pottery, and ruins of the old Incas, about which he talked earnestly and intelligently. Also he read about the conquest of Chile; the wonderful march of Valdivia after that soldier left Pizarro and started across the Desert of Atacama. He read the history of the west coast, of its people and its products.

On my little walks for recreation on shore he would plead to go with me, and I can recall his delight at my commonplace remarks about the peculiar condition of the various portions of the coast. It was no longer a mystery to him why no rain fell in Peru, or why it rained so much in the

South. His appetite for knowledge grew, and the study of Maury's Physical Geography was a pleasure rather than a task.

On one of these walks at Coquimbo, Chile, I saw some pretty sea-flowers that grew in the sand in a little pool among the rocks. He was delighted when I asked him to pluck them for me, and he was about to reach for them when I checked him to call his attention to the beautiful colors of salmon and pink, for they looked like the bright corollas of some wild flower. I then told him to pull them. How surprised he looked when his first touch made them withdraw under the sand; and he was so pleased to find they were sea-anemones —animals instead of vegetables.

So it was with everything: the hermit-crab, the various shells, the differences in the color of lizards—why they were bright and beautiful in Panama and so dull-colored in Peru. These little points made him observant, and he asked questions about things that the ordinary boy, or even man, would pass unnoticed.

We received orders to proceed to the east coast of South America. We entered the Gulf of Peñas, and going through the inner channel, ran down through Smith Channel and English Reach into the Strait of Magellan, a route seldom taken by

any but men-o'-war, though one of the most picturesque and interesting. The ship in twenty minutes ran from a raging gale in the gulf, with close-reefed topsails, into a narrow passage as smooth as a river, steaming between shores that were wild and dangerous and to be navigated only during the day. We had to anchor before night, often long before, and would not get under way at times until late in the morning, owing to the condition of the tide, as it was not always advisable to steam at any stage of the water.

When the anchor was dropped I would go ashore, if possible, and Billy with me. Wading knee-deep through the moss, the perfect wildness of the place, together with the fact that he was standing on land that probably no civilized man had trod, gave to these little trips a relish such as can be appreciated only by those who experience it.

A particularly picturesque place, Island Harbor, greatly pleased him. We ran straight for a solid cliff of rock, no opening seeming to exist; but soon a small streak of water showed itself, into which we passed behind a rocky island into a little cove with a thundering cataract at its head and lofty peaks of bare rock on three sides that seemed ready to topple over and crush us.

Another beautiful harbor was on Desolation

Island. After steaming up a canal about a mile, we found ourselves in a little circular bay, with bare rocks and high cliffs all about us. And here we had such a treat of mussels that abound in the Strait of Magellan! They were gathered by the men into barrels, and a jet of steam turned on them; thus steamed they were fine eating, and were enjoyed by officers and men.

The curious fowl called "side-wheel" ducks interested us very much. Their wings are too small to enable them to fly, so the ducks use them very successfully in propelling themselves over the water, making such a churning noise and leaving such a wake as to cause them to be likened to a side-wheel steamer.

The scenery of this island passage was curious and varied. With a sweep of the eye one could see a fierce snow-storm, with driving gale; a heavy rain-storm, with dark masses of heavy clouds; beautiful sunshine, with everything clear and bright. The mountains were topped with snow, their flanks bare and brown, while the base was fringed with a beautiful deep green.

These all interested Billy, and his expressions of delight in them interested me. He observed everything, and was constantly making notes, and asking where he could find books that treated of the various things that attracted his attention.

When we found a deserted Fuegian hut, he carefully examined it, and watched the shores to catch a glimpse of others, even at a distance. How delighted he was when, later, he saw a Fuegian Indian girl, a temporary prisoner, held by the governor of Sandy Point for the purpose of giving her some slight education before returning her to her tribe; how interested in the groups of penguins on the low sandy islands which we passed in the strait, the herds of seals on the shore or sporting in the water! All were looked upon in a new light and with an intelligent interest.

At one of the islands where we anchored we saw the graves of several sailors who had died and were buried away off from their native land on these desolate shores. Billy reverently took off his cap as he walked around among them, and I thought he assumed his old sad look as he stood quietly lost in thought, his hands drawn up the same as when I first saw him. After standing for some time, in a sad and sympathetic tone he said: "Poor fellows! Who knows but that they were good, honest sailors? They must have been, for their shipmates buried them nicely. It is very quiet and lonesome here, and it seems like a good place to bury sailors, here on the wild shores of the strait, for Magellan, the man that discovered it, was a sailor, and he died far away from home, as

these men did, and was buried on the Philippine Islands."

At another place we found an abandoned miner's-cradle, which showed that a search for gold had been made even in this desolate place. No name or mark of encampment was to be found, but there was the proof that the gold-hunter had been here, for the cradle was the work of civilized hands. We stopped for a few days at Punta Arenas (Sandy Point), a penal colony belonging to Chile, the most southerly settlement in the world.

Before long we ran out into the Atlantic Ocean, and made a good voyage to Montevideo, where I was ordered to another vessel for temporary duty. I was sorry to leave Billy, but found him much improved in looks and intelligence when I returned three months later. He had continued his studies alone and made great improvement. Again I separated from him at Rio, when the *Richmond* was ordered home. At parting he promised to act on my advice to be true to himself and just to others; and as the *Richmond* passed us with her homeward-bound pennant floating far astern, the band playing "Home, Sweet Home," I saw Billy standing on the forecastle at the same place where I had first noticed him. He waved his cap to me, and so we parted.

About nine years after I bade good-by to Billy, I was leaving my office at the navy-yard one day, and as I stepped out from the passage a gentleman passed in. In a moment the apothecary called after me, saying, "Some one wishes to see you."

I returned to the office, and found a gentleman, handsomely dressed, tall and well built, with brown hair and bluish gray eyes, and a Vandyke beard adding greatly to his appearance. He came toward me with right hand extended, while in his other he held his cane and silk hat. He did not speak for a moment, but in reply to my greeting he said, "You do not remember me, sir?"

I had to acknowledge that I could not recall him, but remarked that there was something familiar about his face.

"Doctor, don't you remember that poor miserable boy, the roustabout, that was on board the *Richmond* with you?" he asked in a deep, manly voice.

"Why, Billy! is it you?" And I shook him again by the hand. I was glad to see him, and wanted to know all about him. In our chat he told me that he had been true to himself; had saved his money on the cruise, gone to school, studied engineering, and graduated from college, and stood before me a civil engineer—and a good one, too, as I afterward learned. He had had a struggle, but had

never given up and never ceased his studies. He had helped in a survey on the Southern Pacific Railroad, done good engineering work in several ports of the South, and was then on his way to Pennsylvania to undertake another important work. With pride he showed me a beautiful watch, suitably engraved, that had been given him by his subordinates "as a slight token of their appreciation of his skill and kindness, justness and generosity," as the inscription showed. Billy had been true to himself!

Before leaving he told me that old Nick Anderson was dead, and he paid a fine tribute to the faithful old sailor.

"I have given up the sea," he said, "but my heart is always warm for the men who 'go down to the sea in ships.' I love the sea, for although it was the scene of some of the saddest days of my life, it was also the beginning of my new life."

Again thanking me for my kindness, he warmly shook my hand and bade me good-by.

I have not seen him since that meeting, but I believe that Billy is still true to himself, and to all whom he meets in the world.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "OREGON"

BY TUDOR JENKS

BEFORE the battle-ship *Maine* was sent to the harbor of Havana, the more prudent statesmen at Washington had begun to make plans for a possible war with Spain. They had looked over their maps and books to determine where the ships of war should be stationed, and how they were to be brought where needed.

The *Oregon,* a battle-ship of the best type, like the *Indiana,* the *Iowa,* and the *Massachusetts,* was known to be in Puget Sound, at the extreme northwestern corner of the United States; and it was believed that it might be wise to have her join the fleet in the Atlantic Ocean. The *Oregon* was the first battle-ship built on the Pacific coast, and had never been in the Atlantic. She was launched at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, in October, 1893, and was ready for service July 15, 1896. Though the fastest of battle-ships, and a seaworthy boat, it had been found that she rolled too much, and to correct this fault she was sent to the

dry-dock in Puget Sound to have extra keels—"bilge-keels"—fitted to prevent the rolling motion.

When news came of the sinking of the *Maine* during the night of February 15, it was at once decided to replace her by an even stronger man-of-war; and next morning, when the *Oregon* left her dry-dock, she was met by a lighthouse-tender that brought orders to "rush her coaling, and proceed at once to San Francisco." In three days after leaving Puget Sound she had covered the 790 miles, and she arrived in San Francisco on March 9.

The sailors worked day and night for the next ten days, and loaded the *Oregon* with a year's provisions and about fifteen hundred tons of coal. By this time the captain knew of the great voyage he was to make, and everything was done to put the ship in perfect condition.

Saturday, March 19, at eight in the morning, the *Oregon* steamed out of the Golden Gate to begin the greatest voyage ever made by a battle-ship. It must be remembered that such vessels are built for coast defense, and are not considered adapted for ocean voyages. Indeed, one of our congressmen once predicted that "no battle-ship could ever cross the Atlantic Ocean." Many believed that these heavy iron monsters would "turn turtle"—that is, capsize—when in a heavy sea.

But if any men in this world know their business, the American Navy know theirs, and every officer and engineer and sailor and stoker on the *Oregon* rejoiced at the long voyage before them.

While the President was sending word to Congress that he could do no more with the Spanish Government by peaceful means, and while the commission of naval officers was learning that the *Maine* was destroyed by a mine placed below her keel, the *Oregon* was steaming ever southward through the Pacific, with a V of glistening foam parting at her white bow. For sixteen days her twin screws whirled her along, while the sun grew hotter, and the heat in the fire-rooms, where her men were feeding her furnaces full, increased until the thermometer read 161°! Only one man was prostrated by the heat; and no sooner was he revived than he begged to be allowed to return to the scorching work. Indeed, Captain Clark said later that all the men were eager to work overtime, and would never admit they were overcome by their duties.

On Monday, April 4, the *Oregon* arrived at Callao, Peru, having covered over four thousand miles in two days less than the time usually required by the regular steamers. This voyage, longer than from New York to Queenstown, or

nearly as far as to Naples, required about fifteen days.

The *Oregon* had now only six hundred tons of coal aboard, and it was necessary to take on more. But the gunboat *Marietta,* which was also on her way to the Atlantic, had been at Callao on March 31, and had ordered full coal-lighters to be ready for her big friend the *Oregon;* so they were alongside almost before the anchor was lowered, and the coaling began at once. Not only were the bunkers filled, but a deck-load also was taken aboard, and the battle-ship was made ready for a further journey of six thousand miles.

Besides coal, the *Oregon* took on board a supply of rumors about what the Spaniards might do. For one thing, a torpedo-boat was reported to be at Montevideo, intending to set out for the Strait of Magellan, where there was an excellent chance to lie in wait for our big white battle-ship and stab her with a torpedo. For another, there was a Spanish sailor aboard the *Oregon,* and there were hints that the Spanish residents at Valparaiso meant, with his aid, to do terrible things when the *Oregon* should put in at that port; so the sailor was sent to New York on a mail-steamer.

While at Callao, Captain Clark put a patrol of steam-launches around his vessel all night, gave

the sentries ball-cartridges, and kept men ready at the small guns. It was a neutral port, but many Spanish sympathizers were about. He didn't wish to take any chances of another *Maine* disaster. A single word cabled to Washington, at a cost of five dollars in gold, had announced the *Oregon* safe so far, and Captain Clark meant to keep her so throughout the journey.

Thursday, April 7, the *Oregon* sailed, in a dense fog, ran by the city of Valparaiso one night without giving the Spanish residents a chance to carry out any plots they might have formed, and within nine days was off the Strait of Magellan, near Desolation Island.

Entering the strait, the *Oregon* anchored for the night in a small bay, thirty miles inside. In the darkness a little fishing-vessel passed not far from the *Oregon,* and the Yankee sailors were at their guns quicker than the search-light could be turned on the stranger.

At daybreak next morning she was under way again, making 165 miles in eleven hours, with her men at the guns, and cleared for action, ready for the torpedo-boat—which, as a matter of fact, was thousands of miles away.

At half-past six in the evening the *Oregon* reached Punta Arenas (Sandy Point), a settlement devoted to selling coal and provisions, and

stopped to coal—the men leaving their hammocks in the nettings, and sleeping about the decks in the short intervals of their hard work. The *Marietta* arrived next day, with despatches she had brought from Valparaiso. These despatches showed that matters were coming to a warlike situation, and whenever a stranger vessel appeared thereafter, the sailors at once went to the guns, ready for trouble.

At daylight on Thursday, April 21, the anchor was raised, and under light forced draft the battleship started through the strait, always on the keen lookout for the tiny torpedo-boat that was supposed to be lurking there like a coiled rattlesnake in a path.

At the narrowest point, called the English Narrows, the channel is but half a mile wide; and here the speed was reduced, and all the sailors peered about for the treacherous little foe.

The scenery in the strait was superb—lofty snow-covered mountains, great glaciers coming to the water's edge, and inlets opening here and there.

Once in the Atlantic Ocean, the great vessel gladly swung around and pointed her prow toward home—and Cuba. As yet the people on board knew nothing of what was going on between America and Spain. They met two merchant steamers, but could hear nothing later than they already knew.

And yet, while the *Oregon* was on her way to her next port, Rio de Janeiro, war had been declared; Dewey had set sail for Manila; the Spanish torpedo-boat *Temerario* had left Buenos Aires; and Spain's fleet, four cruisers and three torpedo-boats under Cervera, being ordered away by Portugal, had left the Cape Verde Islands.

Our own people knew these things, and they were anxious about the *Oregon,* and also about the *Paris,* which was on her way from England to New York.

From Callao to the Strait of Magellan and through to the Atlantic Ocean had taken eleven days, the distance being more than three thousand miles, making about eight thousand miles traveled by the *Oregon* since leaving Puget Sound. Now she was to sail more than five thousand miles before reporting for service at Florida.

The bells rang, the propellers twirled, and northward started the great steel battle-ship, carrying her thirty steel rifles and her 470 men to aid the American fleet. Her voyage northward was a most anxious time, with the daily outlook for enemies, and the monotonous round of hard work.

April 30 was a momentous date. On that day the *Paris* arrived from England; the *Oregon* entered the harbor of Rio de Janeiro; and during the following night Dewey's squadron came into the Bay

of Manila while the officers of the Spanish fleet were dancing at a grand ball.

The *Oregon* was saluted by the ships in the harbor of Rio, and the captain of that port boarded her. When the sailors learned from him that war had been declared, a mighty cheer went up. During their stay a Spanish gunboat tried to enter the port, but was promptly stopped by the Brazilians, who not only were neutral but remembered what two American cruisers had done for them when Brazilian rebels tried to blockade their port. The Spaniard was compelled to remain until the *Oregon,* the *Marietta,* and the *Nictheroy* were well on their way. The *Nichtheroy* had been bought from Brazil and later was renamed the *Buffalo.*

On May 3 these three vessels left within twelve hours of one another; but as the *Oregon* had been ordered to make all speed, the others were soon astern, and she went on her way alone. It is said—perhaps the story is not true—that Captain Clark, upon receiving certain instructions from Washington, telegraphed: "Please don't tangle me up with instructions; I am not afraid of the whole Spanish fleet!"

The *Oregon's* men had bought at Rio a lot of red ribbons, had stamped them, "Remember the *Maine!*" and wore them on their caps; and the ship herself, on entering the harbor of Bahia, put

on her war-paint, and sailed in a dark-gray suit.

Monday, May 9, she left Bahia, and on the second night out passed a fleet of vessels which she believed were the Spaniards. On May 14 the Spaniards were reported at Curaçao, so it is hardly credible that the *Oregon* could have been near the enemy that night. With all lights out, however, she passed these vessels in the darkness, according to her orders, which were to "avoid all ships, and make for home."

She put into Barbados, flying a yellow quarantine-flag to keep off inquisitive strangers, and within sixteen hours was off again, at full speed, making 420 miles in twenty-four hours. Upon receiving a despatch announcing her arrival at Barbados, the Secretary of the Navy had given out to the nation the welcome news that the great battle-ship was safe.

Jupiter Lighthouse, on the southeastern coast of Florida, was signaled on Tuesday, May 24, and again reported the *Oregon* to Washington. Two days later she anchored at Sands Key, off Key West—safe at home, after the longest voyage that had ever been made by a battle-ship.

And what was her condition after her wonderful journey? Her officers reported: "All in good health; everything shipshape; no accidents; not even a hot journal!" After a stay at Key West

THE "OREGON" SALUTING THE FLAG-SHIP

long enough to fling the coal into her bunkers, she joined the fleet. They were drawn up in a wide semicircle, and she came sweeping into the midst of them at fifteen knots an hour, like the winner of a yacht-race, cheered by all the Jack Tars!

Over fifteen thousand miles without a mishap, in fifty-nine days at sea, "through two oceans and three zones," on the alert for an enemy during more than half of the time—surely it was a marvelous record!

Do you know what it means? A battle-ship is an enormous fortress, crammed with delicate and complicated machinery. To build her, sail her, care for her, and fight her requires brains, skill, care, honesty, fortitude—in short, all the Christian and a few pagan virtues.

But the condition of the *Oregon* was shown by actions speaking louder than words. From Key West to Santiago the big steel warrior went with the *New York* and a torpedo-boat, and made the trip at thirteen knots an hour, as steadily as a prize yacht. On the way the *Oregon* sighted smoke on the horizon, and started in pursuit. The fleeing stranger was soon overtaken, and it was then found that the battle-ship had been able to outrun a swift newspaper despatch-boat!

During the bombardment of Santiago's forts the *Oregon* showed that her ship's company could

serve their guns as well as they had sailed their vessel; but it was not until Admiral Cervera's fast cruisers came dashing out of the harbor that the eager *Oregon* was put on her mettle.

It will be remembered that three of the Spanish cruisers and the two torpedo-boat destroyers were soon driven ashore. But the *Cristobal Colon* was the fastest and newest of the enemy's squadron, and, coming out last, she secured a good start while the Americans were smashing the others. Hunted by the *Brooklyn,* the *Texas,* and the *Oregon,* poor *Cristobal Colon* tried to discover a way to escape from the land so eagerly sought by the great Christopher whose name she bore.

It would not have been surprising if the swift Spanish cruiser had shaken off all her American pursuers. But not only did the *Brooklyn* hold her place by the flying enemy, but the big *Oregon* and the *Texas* kept within range.

It happened that the *Oregon* had been stationed far to the eastward of the mouth of Santiago harbor, and to reach the enemy she had to go farther than any other of our big vessels. She went ahead like a rocket, passing the little *Vixen,* the plucky *Texas,* the great *Iowa,* and joined the swift cruiser *Brooklyn* in chasing the *Cristobal Colon.* The *Oregon* had opened on all the Spanish vessels she passed, and did as much harm to the enemy as any

member of our squadron; and when she had shown Admiral Cervera that she could keep up with the *Brooklyn,* and had put one of her thirteen-inch shells into the *Colon's* bow, the Spaniards gave up. There was no hope for them in a fight against the *Oregon* and the *Brooklyn;* and our flag-ship, the *New York,* was coming at full speed to join in the fray.

You all know the end. The *Cristobal Colon,* like her companions, was run aground and surrendered, and the destruction of Cervera's squadron was enough to warrant all the long cruise of the *Oregon.*

If there had been a ship-canal between the Pacific and the Atlantic then, it would have saved a month in bringing the *Oregon* to the eastern coast.

The *Oregon's* magnificent behavior under her terrific trials of endurance was a matter of pride to every American, because it proved that every bit of work in her making, manning, and sailing had been done on honor and with skill. The *Oregon* showed us that not only had we brave men and skilful gunners such as fought in Manila Bay, or drove Cervera's fast cruisers ashore; self-sacrificing and able sailors such as sunk the *Merrimac* in Santiago Channel; hardy, cool soldiers like the marines at Camp McCalla; regulars and

volunteers such as never faltered in the storm of fire from the defenders of Santiago—but also honest workmen at home. The *Oregon's* record said that America was sound at the core; that she had something fully as important as the "men behind the guns"—namely, the men who made the guns and the ships, and made them sound and fit for any work.

CHRISTMAS ON THE HOME STATION

BY ANNA A. ROGERS

"PLEASE excuse me, but I heard you were in the navy, too, so I just thought I'd come and see you about it. You see, I'm having a dreadful time with my mother. She's a very nervous person. Last night I came near telegraphing to Washington, myself, to ask about it, but 'most the very last thing Papa said before the ship sailed was, 'Now for goodness' sake, don't go and believe everything you see in the papers; and, above all, don't bother the department'; so, you see, that's why I didn't. And then this morning I learned from hearing something that the chambermaid said there were some other navy people who were staying in this house, and I asked all about 'em, and—well, they were you, and so I—"

"Won't you come in and shut the door?" suggested Mrs. Anvers, who, listening to the small boy standing in the hall outside her room, had been waiting for a chance to get a word in edgewise.

He entered and sat on the corner of a trunk

near the door, his big dark eyes never once wavering from Mrs. Anvers's bewildered face. She reseated herself, her little girl, Margery, standing behind her chair and peeping shyly out at their unknown visitor. He went on talking without a break:

"You see, she was all tired out coming right through lickerty-split from Boston—we always come right through because it's cheaper—and we hadn't seen any evening paper; and then the waiter here, when we arrived rather late last night, brought one while we waited for the parsley omelet, and there it was in a big scare-head: 'Probably yellow fever on the cruiser *Cincinnati*'; and she up and 'most fainted, and the head waiter and I had to help her out of the dining-room, and we had a bad night, Mamma and I. She's been crying ever since, and just won't stop, no matter what I say; and she just drinks oolong tea, and she oughtn't to, you know."

"What is it you would like me to do?" murmured Mrs. Anvers, hiding her smiling face behind a bit of sewing.

"If you'd please just go in and take right hold of her, and say, 'Look here, Mrs. Barton, I'm in the navy, too, and I know that that story is all tommyrot!' I'm sure it would brace her up, and I'd be ever so much obliged," replied the boy, so

earnestly that it was all Mrs. Anvers could do to keep from laughing outright.

"Well, I may not put it exactly in those words, but I'll see what I can do. You go in before me and take in my card, and ask if she'll see me for a few moments. Mrs. Barton, you said, I believe?"

"Oh, yes, of course. My father's Passed Assistant Surgeon Barton; everybody knows him. I'm his son—Alexander's my full name—and thank you so much! I hope you'll excuse me, Mrs. Anvers. That's your name, I know; and that's your little girl Margery," he said solemnly, pointing to the pretty, tousled head peering out, which suddenly ducked down behind the mother at this unexpected notice.

So it came to pass the two young mothers met in the darkened bedroom, and told each other all about Doctor Barton of the U.S.S. *Cincinnati* and Junior Lieutenant Anvers of the U.S.S. *Minneapolis;* and Mrs. Anvers vowed and declared her morning paper said that there was nothing dangerous about that fever on the *Cincinnati,* and, furthermore, that it was only a mild form of dengue fever.

At these magic words Mrs. Barton sat bolt upright in bed, completely revived, exclaiming:

"Is that all? Why, I've often heard the doctor say that that was only an 'ache and a sniffle,' and

then it was over. Oh, but I'd like to get at the—the creatures that run those papers! They just tumble over one another in the rush to get up the biggest—Alec, what is that word? What do you call those stories?"

"Fakes," said the boy, smiling and radiant at the change in his mother.

"Fakes; yes, that's it. If they waited to find out the truth, there would be precious little to read, so they hurry and print the very worst possible thing in the very biggest possible letters—'as if our eyes were deaf,' as Alec says. Never mind if hearts are broken here and there by it. That's nothing. Oh, I'd just like to—to—well, I don't know what!"

Mrs. Barton was so ferocious that Alec gave a little caper of relief and joy behind the window curtains, where, unasked, he had gone to throw the shutters wide and let in the sweet sunshine.

As Mrs. Barton finally rose to go, he heard his mother say:

"Well, the doctor said once, in speaking of navy life, 'No one can really sympathize with a skinned eel except another skinned eel,' and I'm sure he's right; see how you've helped me!" The two young wives laughed together, and Alec knew everything was all right.

After that they all became very friendly and in-

timate, and Mrs. Barton borrowed Mrs. Anvers's washing ammonia, and Mrs. Anvers borrowed Mrs. Barton's sleeve pattern, and peace and patience reigned in the little boarding-house not far from the navy-yard in Norfolk, where they waited for the ships to come home from the West Indies. The home squadron was expected to assemble in Hampton Roads in December—they all hoped in time for Christmas. It was a rather unusual thing, but the sensational papers said it was because our relations with Canada were so strained that war with England might be declared at any moment.

"When I get married I'm only going to take a weekly paper at our house, 'cause that gets sort o' weeded out, you know, and I'll see the daily paper at my office," Alec announced to Margery, after an especially trying and desperate day.

She drew in her breath admiringly and gasped.

"I'm so glad I'm not a man—to have to think so hard 'bout things so far ahead."

The two children had become inseparable; and grave Alec was so like a father to little Margery, seeing that her hat and gloves and jacket and rubbers were put on and off at the proper times, that it ended in her calling him "Papa Alec," and he was not sure whether he liked that or not.

Then, a few weeks later, came news from the Navy Department they all had to believe—that

the squadron would not come North till spring; and the two little wives crept away from each other and cried it out alone.

The children strolled forlornly down to the tumble-down old wharf covered with tufts of cotton, and from long habit looked out over the bay, but with all hope gone out of their eyes.

"You see, Margy, it's all different now that the Cin' and Minn' won't be here for Christmas," said Alec, whittling the end of the log on which they sat in the warm southern November sunshine.

"Oh, won't they?" exclaimed Margery, in distressed amazement.

"Of course not, goosie! Christmas is only a month and five days off, and if the fleet isn't coming till spring, why, there you are!"

But Margery wasn't "there" at all, for she had not yet learned to understand clearly either time or distance. Alec finally gave it up as one of those sad things about girls, and he went on expounding his idea:

"So the only way we can get their Christmas to them is to send it to the consul's care, wherever they'll be. We've done it before, Mamma and I, in Europe and on the China station. We've got to get our boxes all ready, and then find out, somehow, where the ships'll be, about Christmas, and then send 'em off in a hurry. To-day we can't do

anything, 'cause both of our mothers are too busy crying and feeling bad. We've got to give 'em a day—maybe two—and then you'll see the way it'll brace 'em up to say 'Christmas box'! I've worked it before. I've had a good deal of sperience, Margy. And you see if, after a while, they don't get so excited about the boxes that if the ships did happen to come in they'd be as mad's hops!"

"Mercy sakes!" was Margery's admiring comment on this crafty program.

"Yes, indeed; and my father said the first Christmas box we sent him—he was at Cape Verde Islands, not far from Africa, a perfect hole of a place—"

"Like Sinbad's cave in the fourth voyage, I s'pose," gasped Margery, thirsty for horrors.

"No, Margy, not at all; you mustn't int'rupt; you don't understand things, so you must jus' listen."

So she folded her little fat hands meekly, and he drew a deep breath and went on:

"And he said he had kept his promise not to open it till Christmas morning, so he put it on a chair near his bunk, with a screw-driver, for it was wood, and Mamma would put in screws every two inches, and Papa and I had a great laugh about it; he says women don't understand about boxes, anyhow. Well, when he woke up, awfully

early, of course, he said 'Merry Christmas!' to our pictures on his desk, Mamma's and mine, and it was kind o' lonely because we didn't answer; and then he said he sat up in his bunk jus' like the veriest boy—"

"Who's the veriest boy?" asked Margery.

"I don't know, but that's what Papa said. Well, anyhow, he opened the box, and then, Margy, what do you think? Promise, honest Injun, not to tell? Well, I heard Papa tell Mamma, one night when they thought I was asleep on the sofa, that he put his head down on the Christmas box and cried. You see, he was dreadfully lonely 'way over there—"

"Right in the middle of Africa," murmured Margery, sympathetically.

"Not in the middle, Margy, on a ship! How perfectly silly you are! Of course that's one of the things men only tell to women-folks—wives and mothers. We don't ever tell each other. So I wouldn't let him know I heard for anything."

Alec went on with his whittling for a while in silence, and then he finally asked:

"How are you off for money this Christmas, Margy?"

"One dollar and sixty-eight cents," was the enthusiastic answer; and Alec was far too poverty-

stricken, himself, to find anything to laugh at when she added:

"I only have to buy nine presents, so, you see, I'll have lots. I'm so glad I saved up everything over ten cents ever since the Fourth of July."

"Well, I'm broke—dead's a nail. And I've got to make some, somehow," replied Alec, as he rose and slipped his knife into his pocket.

They stood a moment and looked with sad eyes out over the bay, where they had hoped to see the white ships at anchor, and then they wandered slowly and low-spiritedly toward their boarding-house home.

Just as they started to cross the main street below the market, Alec suddenly exclaimed:

"Jingoration! I 'most forgot. Mamma gave me ten cents for soda-water for both of us. Let's go and get some at the big place."

And at the "big place" they sat on the stools before the marble counter, and she ordered pine-apple flavoring and he sarsaparilla, and their faces were soon almost lost in the depths of two huge glasses, and life began to assume for them both a more sparkling aspect.

She came near choking in the midst of the last long, delicious gulp, when Alec suddenly grabbed her arm and whispered excitedly:

"I've got it, Margy. Hurry and finish up. I've got it!"

"I have it, too, sometimes, when I drink too fast," she confided pityingly, as she slipped down and paddled along beside him, trying to keep up with his long strides. But when she said this, he stopped short on the sidewalk and laughed till the tears stood in her pretty eyes, that stared up at him wondering what it was all about.

"Oh, Margy, you are such an unspeechable joy!" gasped Alec. "I mean I've got an idea; I've thought of the way to make my Christmas money. Can't you guess?" he teased.

If there was any one thing Margery Anverse disliked, it was being made to guess anything; so she gave it up promptly without even a trial, pouting a little at his ridicule.

"Now, you mustn't tell anybody, true for sure."

"Honest and true!" she vowed solemnly.

"Well, I'm going to be a soda-fountain boy! I'll have to wait till the holidays begin, and I'll have to infest some money at first, of course, going pretty often to watch how. But all business men have to infest at first, when they begin."

So after that they went together and "infested" very often at that same counter, Mrs. Anvers advancing the necessary money, under a cast-iron

promise of secrecy. The two children ordered fancy combinations, both hot and cold, and together watched breathlessly the manner of preparation and serving, down to the last miraculous touching up, again and again, of the already full glasses with tiny dashes of soda.

Then came one rainy Saturday when the two mothers took lunch at the navy-yard, and the children had a grand, final dress rehearsal in Mrs. Barton's rooms. Margery, in varying costume, represented the ever-thirsty public; and Alec, with a big bath-towel pinned around his neck, stood behind "Jumbo," and did his part with such a flourish and an air that Margery very often forgot to go on with hers, to his great disgust. Jumbo was Mrs. Barton's largest trunk, the head of a family of lesser trunks, named, in order of size, "White Elephant," "Queen," and "Baby," the last being, naturally, the steamer-trunk. The Bartons lived so much in them, and had traveled so much all over the world, that they had to have trunks suitable for all conditions and emergencies.

So behind Jumbo stood Alec, before him a great array of tumblers, soap-dishes, sticks for spoons, and the water-cooler, borrowed from the lower hall, for the fountain-head.

"The real thing is for me to grab your ticket and then stand and look right over your head

when you order something, and act as if I hadn't heard a word, and didn't care a bit, anyhow, and then go to work and do it all right, every time, and not make any more noise than if I was playing with balls of worsted," explained the boy—showing he had not invested so many dimes for nothing.

After the patient Margery had drunk almost enough make-believe soda-water to float the biggest battle-ship in the navy, Alec pronounced it a "go."

When the holidays drew near, he went, armed with a letter of introduction from the captain of the yard, a great friend of his, and obtained temporary employment, during the crush of the holidays, at the soda-fountain counter of the "big place." It soon became known that there was a "real navy boy" working there, and the people from the yard, and the school-children, flocked there in such droves to see him, and the shopkeeper did such a rushing business, that he raised Alec's salary after the second day. The boy disappeared early and returned late, rushing home for a hasty lunch and much excited whispering in Margery's attentive ear. Mrs. Barton at first protested against all this mystery; but Mrs. Anvers vouched for Alec's right doing, and reminded her that Christmas was

absolutely no fun at all without a lot of whispering.

It was agreed between the children that Mrs. Barton must never, in any circumstances, be allowed to go unannounced into Alec's place of business.

"Oh, Papa Alec!" whispered Margery, in a great flutter one day at lunch-time, "your mother is going Christmas shopping to-day with Mamma, and they'll be puffeckly sure to see you, 'cause I heard 'em talking 'bout books and calengdars, and that's Marston's, next door to your store. Oh, what shall we do?"

"You go 'long with them, and stick to them like paper on the wall, and if they say 'soda,' you skip in like greased lightning and tell me, and I'll skip it somehow."

All went well, and the afternoon was passing serenely. Margery bought for her father's Christmas present a highly scented yellow-soap chicken, which she considered by far the most attractive thing she had seen that day. Just as they all stepped out of the door of Marston's, laden with many fascinating packages, what should Mrs. Barton do but suddenly exclaim:

"Do let's go in here and have some hot chocolates. I'm so thirsty and hungry and tired and

cross I'm ready to faint, and you must be, too. Come in; this is my treat."

Margery had no time to do anything but open her mouth and give one long gasp, when in they went, Mrs. Anvers forgetting all about Alec in the excitement of trying to pay for the tickets ahead of Mrs. Barton. Talking and laughing over the payment, the two ladies went to the counter and seated themselves. Margery stood petrified just inside the door till her mother called her and lifted her up on a stool beside her. Alec's mother said across the counter:

"Three hot chocolates, please." Then she gave a little smothered scream, and Mrs. Anvers another, for there stood Alec behind the counter, wearing a long white apron, and glaring at poor little Margery, his face as red as the raspberry syrup.

"Alexander Barton!" was all his mother said. But the boy fairly quailed before her for an instant, and then, very erect, pale, and determined, he turned, and went on with his work with trembling hands that made a very unprofessional rattling of the group of long-legged spoons.

Mrs. Anvers began to laugh, and she was positively hysterical when Mrs. Barton said almost sobbingly:

"If—if it were your boy, you might not find it so—so funny."

"But my boy's a girl," announced Mrs. Anvers, provokingly, adding more gently: "A girl's life is made up of 'you mustn'ts,' but a boy's is made up of 'you musts,' and that's the difference, Mrs. Barton; and I think Alec's just splendid."

Mrs. Barton said falteringly:

"I'm sorry; I'll have to go straight home; I can't drink mine"; and she drew down her veil over eyes that were running over with tears.

Then Alec leaned hastily forward over the counter on which he had placed the glasses, and whispered:

"Momsie dear, please, little Momsie, it was for Papa's Christmas." And then, somehow, sobs arose in all their throats, and the two ladies fled, leaving the three glasses untouched in a row. Margery slid off her perch, and stood an instant, looking imploringly up at Alec, and crying softly:

"Oh, Alec, Papa Alec, I'm so dreadfully sorry —so dreadfully sorry!"

But he did not deign even to look at her, his big dark eyes following his mother's retiring figure.

The shopping party returned very dejectedly, and had not the heart even to untie their bundles. However, after Mrs. Barton had heard all about

the captain of the yard and others having indorsed Alec's venture, by the time the boy came home he found, to his intense amazement and delight, that he was suddenly transformed into a small hero in his mother's eyes. But still he was not entirely happy until he had gone to Margery and apologized for being unjust to her—even going the length of allowing her to stand on tiptoe and kiss him once on his cheek, which she did with all proper appreciation of the unusual privilege.

But that was the end of Alec's first business venture, for he was forced to resign his position at the end of the week. However, he was the haughty possessor of three dollars and forty-five cents—less his debt to Mrs. Anvers—"and a fine, large disgust for soda-water, that is worth something by itself," he added, with a contented laugh.

The two Christmas boxes were about ready. The fruit-cakes and bonbons for the ward-room mess were packed in air-tight boxes, and laid in first; then there were books and calendars for the coming New Year; ash-trays and tobacco-pouches, which Doctor Barton and Lieutenant Anvers understood at a glance, and embroidered sponge-bags which they later tenderly tacked wrong end up in their respective state-rooms, wondering what under the sun the things were meant for. On top of everything, in each box, packed around with

sprigs of holly and mistletoe, was laid a tintype of each mother and her child, that they all pronounced "too funny for anything." Margery's soap chicken, in a soft cotton nest, was labeled by her own fat hand: "Lootenant Anvers Mery Christmus from his little dotter M." And the proud father kept it on his bureau till almost the end of the cruise, when the heat of the West Indies melted it down into a shapeless yellow lump that a wondering Japanese ward-room boy finally scraped up with a spoon and threw overboard—and was roundly rated for doing so.

Alec bought the beautiful book on "Fly-fishing" that he knew his father had long wished for, and if it had not been for the awful splotch of ink he unfortunately made on the fly-leaf when he wrote Doctor Barton's full name and rank, the boy would have been simply wild with joy and honest pride.

It only remained to find out where the ships would be on Christmas Day; and that was where Margery, of all people, came to the rescue. She and Alec were over in the navy-yard, strolling about listening to band practice while their mothers made some calls. Alec had just declared that they would never find out about the ships unless he went and pumped his old friend the gunner's mate, in the receiving-ship, who seemed to know more about things in general than even

the Secretary of the Navy himself, when suddenly the boy stopped, pulled Margery's sleeve, and whispered:

"Look quick! here comes the commodore! the tall, thin one, with a beard, and the three stripes on his sleeve." Alec stood aside very straight and pulled down his jacket as he had seen the marines do, ready for a salute, if the party of approaching naval officers gave him a chance. His feelings may be imagined when Margery suddenly screamed, and ran up to the "tall, thin one" himself, and jumped into his arms, shouting:

"It's my darling, darling captain! Oh, I'm so glad! It isn't a commogore at all; it's just you—you dear sweet old thing!"

Off went the commodore's cap, and it was picked up and held respectfully by the younger of the two other officers until his superior, with a very red face, emerged from a sort of whirlpool of white skirts and yellow curls, little active black legs, and soft loving arms.

"So it's my little Margery once more," he managed to say, laughing and straightening his collar, after seizing his cap and replacing it on his gray head.

Alec was "mordified to death," as he later expressed it, and he stood half turned away, and

whistled two tunes at once, watching the scene out of the corner of one fearsome eye.

"And now I want to know, please, right straight off, where the squadring will be on Christmas Day," cried Margery. She would say "squadron" that way, although Papa Alec had spent weeks over it.

"The what?" asked the commodore.

"The squadring—the North Atlantic Squadring," persisted the child. Then all the officers laughed so pleasantly that Alec felt that it would be not only safe but a very good thing to share Margery's social honors; so he drew near, saluted gravely, and explained the situation and their desire to know about the ships.

"Well, both you shavers come along with me to my quarters, and I'll see if I can find out for you," said the smiling commodore.

"But our mammas are making calls, and we've got to wait here," regretted Margery, looking hopefully about.

"I saw Mrs. Barton and another lady just go into the paymaster's, Commodore," suggested the officer who had rescued the cap.

"Those are our parents," commented Alec, in his usual serious way.

"All right. Well, my lad, you run after them,

and say, with my compliments, that I hope they'll come in and have a cup of tea with my wife," said the commodore, courteously.

Margery instantly withdrew her hand from his, and stood stock-still, staring up at him with startled eyes.

"You promised to marry *me,*" was all she said.

The commodore actually blushed as he tried to explain:

"Well, Margery, you see, you were so slow growing up—"

"I grew as fast as I could," she murmured tremulously.

"And I was getting so dreadfully old, I had to hurry up, and I couldn't wait for you, dear, really, you know."

"You promised," repeated the child, gravely.

"I meant to write you about it, but—" The old gentleman stopped, honestly distressed.

"I'm afraid, Commodore, you are fairly caught," laughed one of the other officers.

"It's mighty hard living up to children," muttered the poor commandant, wiping his deeply wrinkled brow, as they walked on toward his house, where the other men left them.

The commodore and Margery stood on the front steps of his house, waiting in unhappy silence until Alec rejoined them; then they all went inside. But

after the little girl had seen the commodore's wife, and found, to her surprise and relief, that she was a grown woman with a few gray hairs, and the sweetest way in the world of insisting on a person's eating iced sponge-cake, she began to relent, and once more sat contentedly on the commodore's knee. And there Mrs. Anvers and Mrs. Barton, when they arrived, found her complacently perched, while Alec stood before his hostess, gesticulating earnestly with a huge piece of cake, and entirely monopolizing the conversation in his usual masterful way, to her very evident amusement and pleasure.

So fresh tea was made, and they all sat and chatted and laughed merrily together; and the commodore, after making them promise not to breathe it to another living soul, told them the important official news that the *Minneapolis* would probably spend her Christmas at Port au Prince, and the *Cincinnati* at Kingston; and as the boxes were ready, he'd send his orderly for them early the next morning, and see that they were properly addressed, and sent on the right steamers to arrive on time.

Then the two mothers smiled and chirped, and said he was "perfectly lovely," which he privately considered somewhat of an exaggeration.

Margery leaned her little head against him and

said proudly, to the great confusion of her mother:

"He's my captain—Well, I mean," she added, looking askance at the commodore's laughing wife, "I 'scovered him the day I was looking for the 'sundowner' on the *Alliance,* ages and ages ago; didn't I, Mamma?" [1]

Thereupon Mrs. Anvers blushed and looked so uneasy that the commodore burst out laughing, and explained to the others:

"You see, Margery heard her Mamma and some of the officers talking about a terrible creature down in the captain's cabin, called a 'sundowner,' and so she came down to see for herself."

"But he went away 'fore I got there, didn't he?" interrupted Margery.

"Yes; so she never saw him at all. The fact is, I've only seen him once or twice myself since," added the commodore, smiling at his wife, who presently said, leaning against the back of his chair:

"He always told me that our marriage came about through a dear little fairy, who went to his cabin one day and suggested something about his very bad temper and a lot of other things; and he thought it all over, and then wrote me and

[1] See the story "Margery and the Captain," in "Salt-water Stories," retold from St. Nicholas.

apologized for something very, very trying he had said years and years ago, when we were young, and so it began all over again. I've always wanted to see that little fairy who made me so happy." As she said this she laid one hand on Margery's head, and smiled at her mother, and Mrs. Barton suddenly had to struggle with her usual inclination to weep at the slightest encouragement.

"I don't b'lieve that was a very pretty little fairy," said Margery, swinging to and fro impatiently, her eyes and mouth screwed up jealously, confused amid all these rivals.

"Why, sweetheart, she was just you," said the commodore softly to the child on his knee, while all the others laughed.

"Mercy sakes!" chuckled Margery, blushing to the tip of her tiny nose.

And presently they went gaily away, after receiving and accepting an invitation to spend Christmas Eve at the commodore's.

Margery hesitated an instant when her successful rival stooped to kiss her; then she raised her pretty face and said:

"Well, anyway, he said he really purferred me, and that he married you only 'cause I was so slow growing up."

"Ahem!" coughed the commodore, looking down at his boots.

PRINCE IN THE BATTLE OFF SANTIAGO

BY COMMANDER J. GILES EATON, U. S. N.

IT was in the summer of 1897 that we made the acquaintance of Prince, in Derbyshire, England. A dog closely related to him had just won first prize at the London dog-show, and the reflected glory had conferred a distinction on all the blood-kin, each sharing in a degree the honor conferred upon the winner.

Through the kindness of an English friend I was enabled to secure Prince, whose markings and form were typical of the high-strung race of fox-terriers. I have learned that he lacks some points which would insure his winning a ribbon at a dog-show; but, be this as it may, in outward appearance he is a joy to the eye, and alternately the delight and the despair of his master and mistress.

Brought on board the *Enterprise,* and established in the captain's cabin, he at once began his inspection of the ship, in search of suspected rats. In the course of this inspection he ran afoul of

Blücher, a beautiful black water-spaniel, who lived with the sailors forward.

Now, dogs on board ship usually make friends with other pets, regardless of the likes or dislikes natural when ashore. Thus it is not an uncommon thing on board men-of-war to see dogs and cats, and pet pigs, and frolicsome monkeys, sedate goats, and pugnacious parrots all eating from the same dish, or playing together about the gun-carriages; and I recall a black-bear cub who in Alaska not only chummed with our Newfoundland-dog mascot, but slept beside him, and would cry like a baby whenever the dog had shore liberty while Bruin was quarantined to the ship.

Contrary to expectations, Prince and Blücher at once declared war; and clearing his small craft (weight, twelve pounds) for action, Prince opened the fight against his forty-pound adversary, Blücher. Now, there have been occasions where a small gunboat has successfully engaged a ponderous frigate; but history was not to repeat itself in this instance. Prince, like all of his race, was marvelously quick in maneuvering, and generally secured the first hold; but as Blücher was protected by a coat of hair some six inches long, Prince never succeeded in getting at Blücher himself, while Blücher's sharp teeth scored every time on his short-haired opponent.

Dog-fights are not allowed on men-of-war, so the combatants were soon forced apart, and Prince, more or less bitten, was borne to the cabin with eyes blazing and rage quivering every tense muscle in his energetic body, and there nursed back to health. But despite the fact that in every encounter he was worsted, Prince never ceased to try conclusions with his big foe when he could get forward to his enemy's domain. In order to keep peace, an edict was issued that Prince should never go forward of the mizzenmast, while Blücher was not allowed abaft the mainmast.

Fox-terriers are not fond of the water, and Prince was miserably seasick in crossing the famous Bay of Biscay, and had not quite recovered when we dropped anchor under the shadow of the Rock of Gibraltar. On shore he distinguished himself by chasing goats far up the mountain, passing unchallenged of the sentries, and going well inside the lines closed to all other foreigners.

The next port after Gibraltar was Funchal, Madeira, and there he had to be smuggled on shore, as the Portuguese forbid the landing of foreign dogs. Once on shore, he took possession not only of the hotel but also of such portions of

the city as he could cover with his tireless legs. His curiosity and innate love of adventure led him into many wild experiences, and I recall one night when her Britannic Majesty's consul and the United States consul were out after midnight in search of his lost Highness. The sliding bullock carriages, which have no wheels, excited his anger; and whenever his mistress was being carried in one, Prince was in and out, barking at the bullocks and protesting loudly against this innovation in progression. Wheels he knew, and when one rode in a trap he would run for hours just forward of the wheel, just escaping being run over; but a miserable sledge moving along at a snail's pace he scorned.

Upon a visit to a friend's country house, high up on the mountainside, with a sheer fall of a thousand feet to the sea beneath, Prince, in a wild chase after a garden rat, ran clear over the edge and fell bounding from ledge to ledge. As soon as he felt himself going he curled up into a ball, and, fortunately for himself, brought up on a narrow bank some sixty feet down, apparently unhurt. He at once uncurled himself and asked aid, in howls of distress. Beneath him lay a precipice so nearly vertical that a jump of his agile legs would have landed him clear at the

foot; above was a steep which was impassable to him. Fortunately, my friend's peons knew of a devious path by which he could be reached, and in half an hour he was brought up and ignominiously tied. His fall did not seem to have hurt him, and for the first and only time he appeared to distrust his own sense. For several days thereafter he actually would look before he leaped.

At Bermuda he passed through thrilling adventures of a similar kind, and during his stay there kept one or two active men constantly on the lookout for him; but he seemed to realize that he was again on British soil, and he at once put on lordly airs and domineering ways over the colonial dogs.

A gale of wind, a rolling ship, an invading sea which put the cabin afloat and wet his dainty feet with salt-water, disgusted him with "life on the ocean wave," and he landed in Boston happy to be again on solid land.

When war with Spain was declared, and his master had been ordered to command one of our ships in the navy, it was decided that Prince, now an American citizen, should enlist as a mascot. So he sailed for Cuba on board the *Resolute* in May. In the crew were many of Prince's old friends from the *Enterprise,* and these made him

AT EACH DISCHARGE HE WOULD TWIRL ROUND LIKE A TOP AND THEN SPRING HIGH IN THE AIR WITH ONE LOUD "WOW!"

regard the new ship with favor. When the naval reserves from New Jersey came on board with their yellow leggings, Prince held aloof. He knew blue-jackets, with their trousers tight at thigh and knee and flowing over the shoe; but tan-legged sailors were new to him, and until the Jerseyites had freshly togged themselves as deep-water "jackies," he would none of them.

When target practice began, Prince took a decided interest in the great guns' firing. At each discharge he would twirl round like a top, and then spring high in the air with one loud "Wow!" In a very short time he mastered the details of loading, and soon recognized the fact that until the cartridge was put in no report could come.

Standing beside the gun, he would watch in an interested way the various operations until the cartridge was inserted and the breech closed. As soon as the sharp click of the breech-lock reached his ears, his whole bearing changed. From this instant his whole attitude was that of "attention!" As he stood there on three legs, with his fourth leg raised in expectancy—his little body quivering with suppressed excitement, and his short black rudder-like tail, tipped with white at the end, cutting the air, his ears cocked like the hammer of the gun—his eyes fairly sparked with excitement. The boom of the gun would be followed by

his bark, and at first he would jump frantically to grab the ejected cartridge-case. The hot brass soon cured him of any desire to carry these in his mouth, and he took to running to and fro with the men who were bringing fresh ammunition.

Generally he stationed himself near the after-gun at quarters; but once the firing began, he betook himself to the one which was firing the most rapidly, and each discharge he noted with a quick turn of his haunches and one resounding bark. Later, when Spanish shell fell about us, he barked defiance at every explosion, and was with difficulty kept from jumping overboard in pursuit of bursting fragments.

The *Resolute* was ordered to Tampa, and Prince there gravely assisted the embarkation of General Shafter's troops. Soldiers he tolerated. The horses he adored, and was each moment rescued from under their feet. But for the mules he entertained a hatred which nearly cost him his life. When not leashed he would always endeavor to nip the hind foot of some mule, and the immediate response of the mule nearly knocked out his brains.

After the soldiers were safely embarked, his excitement quieted, and he gravely superintended the loading of powder and shell on board the *Resolute*. The huge thirteen-inch shells were placed in the lower hold, nearly fifty feet below

the upper deck; and one warm afternoon, Prince, in pursuit of an unusually large and provoking "devil's darning-needle," jumped clear over the high hatch-covering, and fell some forty feet down to one of the monster thirteen-inch shells which the *Oregon* afterward fired at the *Cristobal Colon*. There was a cry of horror from the men; and when his master met him at the sick-bay, which is the hospital on board ship, Prince lay with closed eyes, apparently dying. The surgeon of the ship at once cared for him, and after two hours his eyes opened, and as he noted his master his apology of a tail waved the recognition signal. From the sick-bay he was moved to a soft cushion in the cabin, and within three days was off the sick-list and ready for duty. But he had learned that holds were deep, and that swift-flying darning-needles were dangerous game.

His next perilous adventure was at Guantánamo Bay, where he went on shore to visit the marine camp. He had met marines on board ship, and fraternized with them; so on shore he joyfully and carefully inspected their camp, until suddenly he ran out from the marine quarters into the camp of the Cuban forces. Many of these Cubans were black, and few of them wore enough clothing to hide the fact that bodies as well as faces were dark—very dark. Now, Prince was well ac-

customed to seeing the men on board in bathing, and, generally speaking, did not object to undress; but then, those men were white, and these were not. So at once he proceeded to bark himself into a fit.

As Prince never does anything by halves, he had one of the hardest fits a dog ever had. He was bathed in salt-water and brought back to the *Resolute,* and there nursed most carefully for days before he regained his natural looks. For a week more it was a serious question whether Prince would not be buried near the spot where lay the brave marines who had been shot at Camp McCalla. But the Anglo-Saxon blood or breeding carried him through, where a commoner dog would have undoubtedly knocked under.

By July 2 he was almost himself again, and when the *Resolute* reported off Santiago, Sunday morning, July 3, Prince was physically fit, mentally ready, and morally prepared for the events of that memorable day. At inspection (Sunday inspection is always made by the captain) he went through the ranks with his accustomed gravity, unbending only to acknowledge the presence of the cabin servants and the signal quartermaster who kept watch near the cabin door. Generally he was on speaking terms with the whole ship's company, but at muster and inspection he

carried himself proudly along, and would not stop to be friendly with any. After inspection, as the sun was growing warm, Prince sought the shade of the awning on the bridge, and thence lazily watched the big *Indiana,* which lay idly rolling in the swell near by.

On board the *Resolute* the officers and crew were watching Morro Castle, when suddenly, behind its crenelated parapets, there rose a dense cloud of smoke. In less than five minutes thereafter came a second smoke-cloud, and with the second outburst there came in sight the long black hull of the *Maria Teresa,* the flag-ship of the Spanish squadron, flying the broad pennant of Admiral Cervera.

If you will picture to yourself a beautiful sunny morning, the waters barely rippled by the last breath of the dying land-breeze, a gentle swell rolling in from the sea; a bold coast-line, crowned by the imposing Morro Castle of Santiago, and scarred here and there by earthworks mounting heavy guns; green hills back of these rising almost to the height of mountains, and, beyond, veritable mountains topped with trees; a narrow entrance to a landlocked harbor close under the Morro's walls, and to seaward a fleet of eight American men-of-war inclosing this entrance in a semicircle; and each of these war-ships quietly

drifting, you will form some idea of the scene before us on that glorious day.

The quiet of a Puritan Sabbath seemed to have settled on sea and land, and even the moaning of the surf on the rolling stones at Aguadores was hushed and softened.

With the appearance of the *Maria Teresa* this peaceful aspect changed in an instant. The solitary report of a six-pounder from the *Iowa* came sharp and crackling through the quiet air, then as if pandemonium had come, the guns of the shore batteries, the broadsides of the *Maria Teresa,* soon followed by the *Vizcaya, Cristobal Colon. Oquendo, Furor,* and *Pluton,* all seemed to speak at once; and round and about the *Indiana* and the *Resolute* the water was whitened by the rain of shell. The American battleships opened with their thirteen- and twelve-inch guns, while amid the deep thunder of these monsters could be heard the loud booming of the eight-inch rifles, the sharper crack of the six-inch, and an incessant tearing sound of the lighter calibers.

At the first shot Prince had jumped to his feet, and when the heavier guns opened he was ready for action and barking excitedly at the roar of battle about him. The *Resolute* was carrying some twenty tons of guncotton for use in countermining the entrance to Santiago harbor, and as

all this high explosive was above the water-line, a single shell exploding in it would mean the immediate and total destruction of the ship and crew.

The duty imposed upon her was at once to inform the admiral that Cervera's fleet was out and trying to escape to the westward. And so her bows were turned eastward, and soon the *New York* was met coming at full speed to join in the fray. The admiral ordered the *Resolute* to warn our transports of the possible danger. Off Siboney, Altares, and Daiquiri the sea was dotted with the transports of Shafter's army, and among these the *Resolute* ran, firing alarm-guns and flying danger-signals.

It was a beautiful sight to see these thirty steamers gradually increase their speed and scatter in every direction as they one by one took fright at the intelligence.

As the signal-guns were fired Prince barked his loudest, and as each merchant steamer showed by the whitened water under her stern that she had taken flight Prince turned his attention to the next in view and with excited waggings of his short tail awaited the next signal-gun, again to begin his barking.

These transports having been warned, the bow of the *Resolute* was turned to the west, and just after noon she was again off the Morro and

steaming in hot pursuit of the fleets, Spanish and American, which had all disappeared along the coast beyond Santiago. As the *Resolute* was passing along the line of the batteries she was the only vessel in front of the harbor entrance.

Presently, as she sped along, the shriek of a ten-inch shell, which barely cleared the smoke-stack, aroused Prince to renewed activity, and as this shell was followed by a half-score of others from the Socapa battery, it was lively for all on board.

Then, as the land shut out the batteries, the blazing hulls of the torpedo-destroyers *Furor* and *Pluton* came in view, and then, far ahead, other smokes, and dull reports, showed the wrecks of the *Vizcaya* and *Maria Teresa,* and yet more distant the blazing *Oquendo,* all on shore.

As the *Resolute* passed these flaming hulls, the explosions of guns, the thundering crash of magazines as they shot the debris high aloft, filled the air with sound; and Prince was again busy about the guns on board, asking with quick, nervous barks why our battery was silent.

But though there was more, much more, for the *Resolute* and crew to do on that notable day, there were no more guns to be fired. Her one duty now was to join the admiral's ships, then in full pur-

suit of the flying *Cristobal Colon.* Far ahead on the horizon, rising dark over the blue waters of the Caribbean, were the smoke-clouds of five steamers. The most distant was the Spaniard. Out to seaward was the lofty *Brooklyn;* nearer was the *Oregon,* almost in wake of the enemy; near her was the *Texas,* and away astern of the *Oregon* came the *New York;* and now the *Resolute* joined the hastening ships in chase.

All six of the vessels were making their best speed. Dense volumes of smoke issued from every funnel. Only the occasional boom of one of the *Oregon's* big thirteen-inch guns broke the silence. All were near the coast, which here is steep and bordered with lofty hills. Just ahead, the mighty mountain Tarquino ("Purple") rose, cloud-capped, from the sea.

For an hour longer the chase continued, and at last, at one oclock, the *Cristobal Colon* bade farewell to the ocean, and was run ashore in the mouth of the Tarquino River.

When the *Resolute* came on the scene, the Spanish ship was hard and fast, end on to the beach, with the surf breaking about her bows. About her, like panting dogs that had run their quarry to earth, lay the *New York,* the *Brooklyn,* the *Oregon,* and the *Texas,* all blowing off steam,

and all ready to pounce upon the prey. But the red-and-yellow flag of Spain had been lowered, and no more resistance was offered.

The *Resolute* was designated to receive the Spanish prisoners, and when their arrival began, Prince had his hands full. To him it was incomprehensible that from just at nightfall till far into the night (for it was midnight before the last "Don" was aboard) we should convert the clean and orderly *Resolute* into a cartel, crowded with over five hundred begrimed and excited strangers. For a time his tired bark, which had been strained all day with over-use, was again and again raised in protest. Finding this of no avail, he then essayed a series of rushes, feinting ferocious attacks on the *marineros*. In these he grew so earnest that he was summarily placed under arrest and put in confinement in the cabin; and here, at one o'clock, I found him, worn out and tired with his long day of battle but not content to sleep until joined by his master.

On the morrow he was awake betimes, and promptly resented the appearance on deck of the Spanish sailors, who were brought up for a bath; and the next five days, while we held these poor fellows on board, Prince never ceased to protest against their coming upon deck. With his dislike aroused almost to its highest pitch, he would at

once growl when a Spaniard passed "between the wind and his nobility." Lest international complications should follow, Prince was deprived of his usual privilege of having the run of the whole ship, and was confined for a time to the cabin and pilot-house.

It was a relief to all when the Spaniards, who outnumbered the *Resolute's* crew five to one, were sent to the *Harvard;* but to Prince their going was more than a relief; it was absolute happiness; and his short tail, which had hung dejected—half-masted, the sailors called it—was once again held proudly upright. Still, until soap and sand and water had done their perfect work, Prince's sharp nose sniffed suspiciously when he passed the former quarters of the Spanish prisoners. To each of the regular crew he showed his delight that the *Resolute* was once again back to her old routine, and that no more strangers were on board.

The *Resolute* was ordered North hurriedly to bring nurses to Santiago; and naturally, Prince, who had long since acquired his sea-legs, took up the sea routine as easily as an old salt. His eye would pick out a distant sail at once, and his delight in seeing the schools of flying-fish, which every now and then rose in numbers from the foam at the bow wave, was unbounded.

Later, when the *Resolute* passed from tropical skies and sunny days into coast fogs north of Hatteras, Prince moaned his disgust at the blast of the fog-whistle.

But his war service was over. He had acquitted himself well in action; he had shown that his courage in defense of his adopted land was as dauntless as that of any American; and the captain's wife promptly decided that he had earned his retirement, and that to sea he should go no more.

The *Resolute* returned to Cuba; but though she passed through another engagement at Manzanillo, her mascot Prince remained North, and was one of the first to greet her when, after the protocol was signed, she steamed into Portsmouth with the gallant marines on board.

SAILOR LIFE ON A MAN-OF-WAR

BY WILLIAM O. STEVENS

A HUNDRED years ago life in the forecastle of an American man-of-war was very different from what it is now. In those days the crews of our famous frigates were made up mostly of foreigners—a jumble of Portuguese, Swedes, English, Irish, Italians—not American-born as they are to-day. While American ships were in the Mediterranean, the men who had served out their enlistment under the Stars and Stripes and had spent their pay, would reënlist on a British man-of-war; British crews, in the same way, would come aboard American ships, so that the same men would serve, perhaps, under two or three different flags two or three different times.

Besides being foreigners, or negroes, the tars of our old frigates were generally very rough characters, because the pay was so miserable and the life so hard that no other sort could be got to enlist. The wonder is that such mixed and ruffianly crews were ever licked into shape to win the victories that every boy knows by heart.

"Licking into shape" was literally true, and it is hard to realize to-day the brutality of those old flogging times. But the old sea-dogs vowed that you could get discipline only by a cat-o'-nine-tails, and the "crack" ships were those on which a man was flogged for spilling a little food on the deck at meal-time, or where all the men on a yard would be sent to the gratings because they didn't furl sail quickly enough. To be sure, Paul Jones threw the "cat" overboard, but his example was not followed till 1850, when flogging was finally abolished in our navy. The disappearance of the "cat," and the enlistment of the volunteer sailors who served under Farragut, made a great change in the character of the Yankee crew, and from Farragut's time to our own the life of the blue-jacket has greatly improved. To-day, none but Americans are enlisted, and they are a clean-cut, self-respecting body of men.

Many of our elder seamen began their career at seventeen aboard the frigate *Constellation,* at Newport. The *Constellation* is the oldest ship in the navy: thirteen days older than *Old Ironsides,* and now, at the age of one hundred and thirty-five, still flying the flag. One of the first exercises of the young tars was to race up the ratlines over the crosstrees—at the top of each topmast—and down the other side. The last one down was, of course,

"lubber last." It isn't easy at first; the beginner crawls up gingerly, and clings tightly to the shrouds—"squeezing the tar out of them," as the old ones say—but before long he races up and down as if it were a flight of stairs.

Twenty years ago, when the 'prentices had learned their ropes on the *Constellation,* they used to put their knowledge into practice on an extended cruise on the sailing-ship *Monongahela;* but nowadays the demand for men trained to use machines is so great that the 'prentice, after a short training, goes directly to a man-of-war. The *Monongahela* was one of Farragut's steam sloops in the Battle of Mobile Bay. Shortly after the Civil War her engines were removed and, after serving for many years as a training-ship, she was reduced to the humble duty of store-ship at Guantánamo.

It may seem odd that in these days of steam, steel, and dynamos, any time should be spent in learning sails; but the seaman is loyal to tradition, and still insists that there is no other way of getting "the hang of the sea," that quickness of hand and foot and eyes so necessary aboard ship, as good as beginning on the yards.

The day's program aboard a man-of-war is calculated to make the boy who wants to run away to sea sit up and think twice. It varies somewhat according as the ship is in port or at sea, and under

different commands; but in any case, from five o'clock in the morning till seven-thirty at night, it is a rather strenuous round of scrubbings and drills. The recruit realizes very soon that the expression "shipshape" means a good deal.

Saturday morning is a tremendous cleaning time, called "Field Day," after which the captain himself inspects his ship from keel to truck.

But life isn't all scrubbings, regulations, and inspections. On the larger ships the Government furnishes athletic supplies, and each man-of-war has her champion boxer, and baseball and football teams. These teams are managed or supervised, at least, by officers, and many an ensign or lieutenant who has won his "N" at the Naval Academy plays shoulder to shoulder with his blue-jackets. Such familiarity would have scandalized old Commodore Porter beyond words.

While one of these friendly contests is going on between the teams of rival ships, their mascots are very conspicuous, for every ship can muster one or two of these. The monitor *Puritan* had at one time as its mascot crew, a pig, a parrot, a dog, a sheep, a chicken, and a goat!

But what counts more for the navy than athletics is the keen pride that the men take in their own or their ship's record at target practice. The best ship of each class is entitled to a special pen-

nant, and there are trophies and prizes for individuals and for crews. Our blue-jackets are probably the finest naval gunners in the world.

With these interests and many others, such as minstrel shows, dances, dinners to brother tars, aboard ship or ashore, you can see that the forecastle is not the floating jail that it used to be, and is sometimes thought to be still.

In spite of plain fare, small pay, and strict discipline, the sailor's existence may be summed up in the recent remark of an enlisted man: "Our pay ain't much, but we sure do live."

"IN A CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN OCEAN"

BY C. H. CLAUDY

WHEN you first go on lookout, it's black, black sky, black sea, black space. Your eyes, coming from the lighted mess-hall below decks, are not open wide enough for the little light that comes from—where? The stars, perhaps, hidden behind the clouds, the phosphorescence of many white-capped waves, some hidden ray of moonlight unable to break through the sky pall, but filtering down, a slender illumination, to make fearsome shapes of wave-tops and periscopes of every shadow on the water.

Jacky Smith stared into the blackness from the bow of the U. S. Destroyer *New York*. Of course, his name wasn't Smith, and we do not name destroyers after States, reserving that honor for battle-ships. Nor can it be said that it was the Atlantic. It was a "certain well-known ocean," and the lad whose name wasn't Smith stood in the bows of a destroyer the name of which wasn't *New York* and looked for a black shadow which

wasn't there. He was looking for submarines, and so were a hundred other pairs of eyes on the destroyers engaged in convoying several heavily laden troop-ships from "an eastern port" to "somewhere in France."

The fact that Jacky Smith couldn't see anything but made him look the harder. And after half an hour he could see quite well a few things that really existed, and even more plainly a hundred that didn't exist at all. He could see the waves distinctly—great black shadows which rolled up out of nowhere and raised a white arm threateningly, then curled up and lay down peacefully under the bows, while the *New York* half cut through, half lifted over with a lurch that would be sickening except that one got used to it in time —rather liked it, in fact. Every now and then he could catch sight of a dim black shadow against the black sky, which might be another destroyer and might be a transport. It was only when the waves lifted the *New York* just right that his eyes were lined up with such a shadow and the sky. But he knew that the other destroyers were there and that the troop-ships were there, and that all was well with the convoy. There were no sparks showing from smoke-stacks and no lights from ports and no running lights—for the submarine has a sharp eye in its little periscope, and the special

business of a convoy is to avoid a submarine if possible—and drive it away or fight it when it cannot be avoided.

But the things Jacky Smith saw which were not there at all, and which he knew were not there, were numerous and objectionable. Every third wave showed him a periscope, as plain as could be. About every five minutes he saw a white streak across the sea which could be nothing but a torpedo wake, only it wasn't, because nothing happened. Every ten minutes he saw a conning-tower and now and then the flash of a gun. A collection of bubbles on a wave-side is an excellent imitation of the water under an imaginary submarine's bows, and as for oil—why, the waves were covered with it, in the dim light and the swiftly working imagination of Jacky Smith.

But he knew better than to call these "discoveries." In the first place, he was a rookie jacky—just fledged from the training-station, and on each side of him was a "regular" sailor—jackies who had been in the navy for years. In the second place, his officer had warned him that he wanted a lookout kept for real things, and not for shadows.

"Of course," said the officer, "I'd rather you'd report a periscope that isn't there, than fail to

yell for one that is; but never forget that when there *is* a periscope and we stop for a fight, it means lights and noise, and gunfire and flashes—and if it *isn't* a periscope, really, and there is a real one just out of your sight, you are playing into its hands."

So Jacky Smith let his short hair twitch and the chills chase themselves up and down his spinal column at the submarines that were not there and the periscopes that didn't exist and the torpedo wakes that he didn't really see, and decided he'd be sure there was something to yell about before he yelled. And between many another pair of seasoned jackies were many other recruits having exactly the same experience.

It wasn't all stand still and stare at the darkness and be scared at things that weren't there, of course. The "scare" was not for what might happen if what he saw *was* a periscope or a sub or a torpedo; it was that some other pair of eyes might see it and yell first. Jacky Smith wasn't at all scared of being blown up. You are not, you know, when you are in the navy. You get all that worked out of you in the training-station. You go in a raw boy, and you come out a regular he-man. You go in with the idea that you are you, and rather important—to yourself, anyway—and you

come out with the idea that the only important thing about you is that you are a little cog in the finest navy machine in the world, and that the most important thing in your life is to be a good cog and function properly. You have pride in yourself, because you are a man-o'-war's man, trained, healthy, fit. You have pride in the navy because you find out it is a magnificent institution that can use men who are men and hasn't any use for any other kind. You are so proud of the flag that the navy serves that you get a lump in your throat every time the band plays the national anthem, because you are a part of it—you own a little piece of one star and one stripe not only because you are an American but because you are actually in the service that renders service to the flag.

One of the things the training-station teaches any recruit is to work fast and think fast. So when Jacky Smith, staring into a blackness that was one moment transparent for an infinity of space and the next a blank wall about him, looking for the thing that wasn't there and seeing it, actually saw it, he didn't waste any time. There was no question in his own mind that what he saw was a real something. The things he had been thinking he saw, he knew were not real. This *was* real, and

he knew it. He knew just what it was. And while the thoughts that raced through his mind took only the flash of a second, they were perfectly distinct. There were three of them.

The first, "Torpedo!"

The second, "Adrift—no bubbles—wonder why it hasn't sunk. Sinking-valve wouldn't work, probably!"

The third *"What if we hit it—what if a transport hits it!"*

There might have been a fourth thought, only one cannot think very well when one has a mouth full of salt water, and one's home is receding into the distance at twelve knots an hour, and one is groping blindingly in foam and cold wet water for a spent torpedo that is somewhere around, and wondering very intently indeed whether an accidental blow on its nose from an arm or leg is strong enough to make it blow up! And that was what Jacky Smith was doing.

When he found the slender metal object and got an arm over it and straightened himself out in the water and began to think, Jacky Smith hadn't any idea how he managed to do what he did. It was just instinct—the spent torpedo floating, a menace to any ship in the convoy, his sudden realization that to give the alarm, to stop to go and look

for it, were absolutely futile, that the only thing to do was to get that torpedo while it was gettable and before it was lost in the night.

"But now I've got it, what am I going to do with it?" asked Jacky Smith of himself, very practically indeed. And Jacky Smith, quick-witted and brave, had no answer for his own question.

Jacky Smith knew quite well that the torpedo didn't have any regular business being where it was. A torpedo is a young submarine, fired from a tube, propelled by a compressed-air engine, and made to skedaddle through the water forty miles an hour until it hits something, when the blow on its "war nose" sets off the explosive it contains and—the submarine has another victim. But torpedoes which have exhausted their compressed air, and thus stopped skedaddling at forty miles an hour, are no more healthy for U-boats to bump into than for any other kind of ship. So the torpedo manufacturer provides the torpedo with a valve, which opens when the torpedo has missed its mark and stopped moving, and the ocean crawls inside and takes the torpedo to the bottom. Jacky Smith didn't know much about torpedoes, but he knew all that, and surmised that this particular torpedo had a valve which hadn't worked as it should.

"Hope the old thing doesn't open on me and

sink now!" he thought, speaking aloud for the company of his voice.

It would be pleasant to chronicle that Jacky Smith was not at all frightened. But it wouldn't be true. Jacky Smith was very much frightened. All alone in the middle of the "certain well-known ocean," with one arm over a torpedo, and water all over him that was entirely too cold for comfort, and nothing in sight but more water and black sky, and no real hope of ever seeing a friendly face again—it's enough to scare any one.

Jacky Smith was not panicky. He didn't moan or cry or weep or yell. He just lay there in the water, hugging the torpedo, and did his duty as he saw it.

"Anyway, the blame thing can't explode unless it hits nose on, and it can't hit nose on as long as I'm hanging on to it," he thought. For although a torpedo is big and heavy and Jacky Smith wasn't, still he knew how to swim (training-station again!), and if the succeeding destroyers ran up on him, he would head the torpedo away. And if the thousand-in-one chance happened, and the next destroyer or the next or the next, struck him fair—

"Well, I'll have plenty of company then," said Jacky Smith to himself.

Now it couldn't have been a very long time that

Jacky Smith lay in the water and hugged a spent torpedo and wondered how long it would be before his strength gave out and if there would be a ship in sight when the light came—and if there was a ship, if it would see him. A convoy at twelve miles an hour doesn't take so very long to pass a given spot. But it was long enough for Jacky Smith to be very glad he had done what he did; long enough for him to be quite resigned to giving up his own life for the chance that the sacrifice might prevent his comrades from a horrible fate; long enough for him to get back his courage and make up his mind that he wasn't going to drown if he could help it, but that if he did, he was going to drown to some good end. So, with a good deal of difficulty, he used his tie, and his belt, and his trousers, which he wriggled out of with a great deal of trouble, to lash himself to the smaller end of the torpedo—in some sort of haphazard way—and then he gave himself up to the business of keeping his nose out of water and waiting for the light.

Perhaps there is a special Providence that watches over brave boys, perhaps it was that old Neptune thought there had been enough victims to torpedoes in that particular "well-known ocean." No one knows. But the facts show that before the last of the destroyers passed, the light came—not much, but just a streak of dawn, and

that when the U.S. *Oklahoma* (of course that wasn't her name because it was a destroyer, not a battle-ship) came cutting through the water some fifty feet from Jacky Smith and his torpedo, there were plenty of lookouts to see him and let out a yell. There was a crackle of wireless from somewhere, a faint bell, a destroyer suddenly stopping, a search-light beam playing in his eyes and blinding him, and Jacky Smith waved a very tired arm in the air and sent a lusty voice, somewhat weakened with salt water, to the rapidly approaching boat.

"Hi, you! Go easy! This thing's loaded!" was what he called.

"Go easy" they did. The young officer in the boat knew what he was doing. Jacky was soon on board, very wet, very cold, very tired, and—very happy. The torpedo was most carefully hoisted onto the destroyer, and then, after some very hot coffee, which scalded his throat, and getting into some clothes much too big for him, Jacky Smith saw the inside of a captain's cabin for the first time and told his short story to an impassive-faced young man who apparently paid no attention to anything he said, but who surprised Jacky when he had finished by getting up, coming over, and shaking hands with him.

"Put you back on the *New York* when we get

across," he said. "I've told her we picked you up. Some stunt!" And as Jacky Smith went out, bobbing his head awkwardly, he heard something he didn't quite understand—about "Hun wonders why the U-boat isn't more effective when we've that kind of a lad—"

That's all.

Oh, of course, when he came back to America they introduced him to several officers in gold lace who smiled at him, and a smooth-faced man in civilian clothes whom every one treated with a good deal of respect and whom some one called Mr. Secretary, and he learned that he was in line for promotion just as soon as he knew a little more. No, they didn't give him any medal, and the papers didn't carry the story, and Smith wasn't his name, and the *New York* wasn't his boat. It wouldn't do to let the U-boat people know too much when we were carrying soldiers across.

But the very best thing about it all was that Jacky Smith was just one of thousands, any one of whom would have done the same if he had had the chance.

BETWEEN TWO DEATHS

BY M. V. SIMKO

"CAPTAIN AUSTIN and Commander Haas were at the control-board when we made our 'crash dive.' We had no sooner gone under the surface than we all knew something was wrong. There were cries from the men aft, and they came tumbling into the control-room from the engine-room.

"Water was flooding the engine-room, and the last man had to swim in water up to his waist to reach the control-room. The door to the engine-room was then slammed shut and bolted."

This reads like a page from some fast-moving tale of the sea, yet it is the narration of an actual occurrence. Peter Dunne, aged twenty-two, one of the heroes of the ill-fated submarine *S–48*, related the above incident to a reporter of the "Bridgeport Post."

"Pete" Dunne, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, was acclaimed a hero by his native city for his act of daring valor; but the entire crew must be given its

just due for the heroic stamina possessed by each man, when one considers the gallant sacrifices that were so readily made.

One morning in December the submarine *S–48,* equipped with a crew of forty-one men, left the Bridgeport harbor on a trial trip. The submersible was making favorable progress in about seventy-five feet of water. The city was some seven miles astern when the order was given to submerge.

The craft responded with such suddenness, and the roar of the inrushing water was so pronounced, that Captain Austin at once suspected that something was wrong. The cries of some of the men confirmed his suspicion. Water was rushing into the engine-room—roaring in, tumbling in, tons of it!

Due to some one's neglect at the shipyard, an uncovered manhole was responsible for what had occurred. The life of every man was now in peril. Forty-one men faced death, a horrible death! So far they were safe in the control-room. For how long?

The ship, now overburdened with the flooding water, refused to rise. Slowly it sank deeper and deeper, until the stern at length settled into the mud of Long Island Sound.

The possibility of lifting the prow above the surface of the water suggested itself. To this pur-

pose every man contributed valiant efforts. The heavy anchors were cut loose. The oil-tanks were blown. The dummy torpedoes were discharged through the forward tubes. Through the sounding-machine were dropped, one after another, ninety-pound pig-leads—five tons of them! This weight comprised the ballast in the bow.

Relieved of all this excess burden, the prow began to lift, when another terror confronted the unfortunate crew: the deadly fumes of chlorine gas began to irritate their throats.

Some one cried out, "Gas!"

To every man was brought the realization that another enemy sought to overcome them. The salt water in which they were submerged had entered the battery-room, and, meeting with the sulphuric acid of the batteries, produced the poisonous gas with which every veteran of the World War is well acquainted.

Forty-one men, trapped like rats in a cage, faced this new foe with grim resolve to conquer it. In frantic desperation, they fell to bailing out the water—bailed it out with buckets, pails, tiny cups, and even with their cupped hands! It was a big endeavor against great odds; and it was a vain endeavor. Faster than they could bail it out, the water, like an eager enemy, seeped into the battery compartment, flowed in, rose higher and higher.

The deadly gas fumes became more offensive, more unbearable. Heads started to ache, throats became hoarse and sore, lungs seemed incapable of taking their allotment of air, breathing was becoming difficult. The crew began to believe that it was only a matter of time before the fumes would do their deadly work.

Even in an extremity such as this, one should never despair. Electrician Fritz believed this. He seized a coil of rubber hose that DeLorme, impelled by some hunch, had picked up earlier in the day in the shipyard and brought along with him.

Fritz cut this hose into suitable lengths, and distributed a portion to several men. Each man set one end into the water in the battery-room, the other end was taken into the mouth. Here were men truly to be called heroes. Every man well knew the dangers of chlorine gas! Every man well knew that, once it touched the mouth, it would burn like so much fire! Every man knew that he must draw and draw until the fluid came and finally touched the tender tissues of cheek and mouth! Yet not one flinched. Not one shirked. Not one passed his tube to another.

They sucked and drew on their tubes until the burning liquid scalded their mouths; they drew until a steady stream was coming from each tube—until relief was assured. The poisonous chemical

was in this manner siphoned from the battery compartment and discharged into the bilge.

Mouths burning from the violent acid, throats hoarse and painful, the heroes waited. They waited and prayed. They waited and had the satisfaction of finding that the oppressive fumes began to diminish. At least they were spared a death from chlorine gas!

Another thrill of hope came to them when it was known that, although the tail-end of the submarine was imbedded in mud, the nose had at length risen above the surface of the water. It was at this stage that Pete Dunne volunteered to make his way out through one of the forward torpedo-tubes. His superior officers at first hesitated; but when they were assured that the outer door of the tube was above the water, they consented to the venture.

Through a greased tube, twenty-one inches in diameter and twenty feet long, Dunne crawled upward. It was no simple task. After he crawled through the full length, having achieved the outer door, he realized that his self-imposed task was one to try his valor. To climb up the side of the slippery submarine was impossible; to dive into cold water was far from tempting. The dangling anchor-chain a few feet aft offered him a way. He poised himself and threw himself forward, arms

outstretched—a gallant effort, but unsuccessful.

The young man fell short of the chain. He splashed into the icy water of a December night. In the darkness the waves dashed over him, numbing his limbs. Paralyzed with the cold, he finally managed to get hold of a stanchion and so dragged himself to the surface of the submersible.

The roaring waves, beaten high by a fierce wind, still threatened him. As if angered to be cheated of their prey, the billows rushed up at him and tugged at his unsteady legs. Struggling on, the hero soon reached the forward end. He bent down and shouted that the lights of Bridgeport were visible.

On his request a rope was tossed up to him. Snow was falling and a cruel December gale bit him through to the marrow. His wet clothes froze on his back. With a supreme effort he made fast the end of the rope and slid down the ship's steel slide, down into the tube and into the warmth of the ship.

While Dunne's clothes were changed and warmth applied to his body, other members crawled to the top deck, using the fastened rope. Mattresses and even wearing apparel, soaked in oil, were set on fire atop the submersible, but the flames at first failed to attract any passing ship.

The electrician wired an apparatus, and S O S signals were sent.

Hungry, fatigued, dispirited, the crew sang out with joy when, a little after ten o'clock at night, a tugboat, attracted by the flaming torches, came to the rescue of the ill-fated submarine. The crew was safely transferred to the tug-boat and rushed to a hospital.

The chance picking up of a coil of hose, the daring dive into ice-cold water, the unmistakable strain of valor possessed by each man, the patience of the crew, the grim determination to combat misfortune and even death—thanks to all this, the *S–48* would again be a sea-going craft and not a mass of junk on the bottom of the sound, while forty-one gallant men were still in the land of the living. To be submerged for almost a full day and threatened with asphyxiation is not an experience many would crave, yet these men came out smiling. For that is the spirit of manhood to-day. Keep smiling and never give up!

THE DESTROYERS

BY ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL

OF all the many branches of our navy, none is more interesting than the destroyer service. For that reason many officers and men are constantly applying for duty with these active, adventurous little craft. Indeed, I think the personnel of our navy, given the choice, would man all the destroyers before joining any of the other types. This feeling has grown with the development of the destroyers themselves.

A good many years ago the United States, like other countries, had a considerable squadron of "torpedo-boats." These were small craft of about two or three hundred tons, built, as their name implies, to carry torpedoes, and since they mounted no guns of any size, virtually for no other purpose. With a speed of over twenty knots, the little fellows were intended to sneak up, chiefly at night, on the enemy's slower-moving battle-ships, fire a torpedo or two, and then sneak away again. They ran because they were not built to stand up and

fight, but to be a sort of sea-going hornet with a very sharp sting.

At first they seemed to be highly effective. Long, slim, fast, painted dark-green or black, they were not easy to see, even in the daytime; and once seen, they were very hard to hit. Boats like the *Gwin* and the *Talbot,* which we had in commission in Cuban waters during the Spanish War, always gave a good account of themselves. But because of their small size they were rather uncomfortable for cruising, for any length of time, without returning to the base for fuel and provisions.

In the effort to keep these annoying little torpedo-boats away from the big fleets, the navies of the world soon began to build a new type. This was a craft much like the small boat in appearance, but larger in every way, able to make higher speed, and armed with guns of a three-inch caliber. For want of a better name, the new type was called a "torpedo-boat destroyer." Originally, it was not intended that such a boat should carry many torpedoes. Instead, the destroyers were to patrol a fleet, steaming in wide columns on each side if the big ships were under way, or circling if the fleet was at anchor. Then, if the enemy's torpedo-boats attacked, the destroyers were to sink or drive them away before they could come near enough to launch a torpedo.

Of course, no sooner were the bigger boats designed than it became perfectly plain that they could replace the little ones. There was no reason why they should not carry torpedoes in addition to guns. Since they were larger, more space could be used for fuel, so they could stay at sea much longer. In other words, they could do everything that the little fellows could—and do it much better. Consequently, the torpedo-boat, as such, has virtually disappeared. We no longer build them, and very few are built by other navies. However, the name "destroyer" has clung to the larger type, which has grown from 750 to 1,500 tons, carrying four-inch or five-inch guns as well as plenty of torpedoes. Developments in the torpedo itself, as well as in the use of oil as fuel, instead of coal, have made the destroyer a very important factor in a modern navy. Oil not only is much easier than coal to handle—provided the tanks are tight—but also, ton for ton, gives much more heat. This means that the latest boats are able to cross the Atlantic at moderate speed without stopping to refuel, to make, at full power, more than thirty-five knots, and, with the heavier guns, to put up quite a fight.

Like most ships, the destroyer is divided into water-tight compartments. This is in order that any compartment which has been pierced by a

shell, or has a hole for any other reason, can be shut off while the other compartments keep the ship afloat. Not a square inch goes to waste, but there is plenty of room for five or six officers and about a hundred men. In one way or another, between plenty of hard work and plenty of play, the whole ship's company manages to get along very well indeed—always provided that the cook is a good one!

Even in peace-time the life aboard a destroyer is far more eventful than on a larger ship. Getting about so much more quickly, as they do, the boats do more cruising, see more queer little out-of-the-way places than the fleet could ever see. With their light draft, fourteen or fifteen feet, they can go into shallow waters. For example, when President Roosevelt, in 1907, sent our fleet around the world, some of the destroyers went too. They were the only ships that could get up the river to Buenos Aires, the interesting capital of the Argentine Republic. The battle-ships had to be content with steaming along a few miles from the coast, exchanging salutes with an Argentine squadron that came out to meet them.

On the Atlantic coast the destroyers base at Newport during the summer and at Pensacola or Charleston in winter. From these bases they carry out gun-practice, and all sorts of trials at

high speeds. Often they make cruises up to Halifax, through the Gulf of Mexico, or down to the Caribbean Sea. As they handle very easily, they can maneuver very close together, sometimes only fifty yards apart. But this means that the man at the wheel and the man at the throttle must be prompt in carrying out orders; frequently nothing but the quickest work possible prevents a collision.

After the destroyers have finished a good deal of this sort of training, they go as squadrons to join the battle-ships for fleet drills and maneuvers. Among other things, this means night attacks, when all the ships steam without lights. The attacking destroyers have to get within a certain distance of the big ships without being seen. Of course the fleet is assigned other destroyers to guard it, so the game is hide-and-seek on a large scale, with regular rules, umpires, and score-keepers. Running without lights means that every man must be on his toes all the time and every eye peeled for the "enemy." On the big ships there is keen rivalry to be the first to make out the destroyer in the darkness; while on the little fellows, it is touch-and-go all the time. When a lucky boat does slip in close, she fires a red star, like a Roman candle, to show the battle-ship that, according to the rules, she has been sunk.

Daytime maneuvers are not quite so exciting, but there is plenty to see and do. In these attacks the destroyers often fire torpedoes at the battleships. These "exercise" torpedoes are fitted with special heads, which collapse when the torpedo hits. Of course they are not loaded with gun-cotton, the explosive charge usually used. But, for all that, it seems very real. The torpedo has to be made ready for the run as if for a war shot: all the adjustments of pressure—the torpedo engine is driven by compressed air—the setting for depth of run, the adjustment of the steering-gear, and a dozen other steps must be made before the torpedo can be fired. Then, when it is rushing through the water as fast as forty knots an hour, it makes a long white wake, and from the target —that is, the battle-ship—it looks extremely businesslike. The score at the end of the attack is sent out by signal from the flag-ship. It is watched for just as eagerly as baseball scores. For everything counts in making up the final relative standing of the destroyers for the year. The winning boat is allowed to fly, until the next year, a special pennant, which represents the "Battle-efficiency Trophy," the biggest prize a ship can win. The winner is pointed out everywhere and it is a fine thing to be one of her crew.

Speaking of baseball, sports of all kinds are

followed in the destroyers, as indeed they are throughout the navy. Baseball teams, football teams, rifle teams, track teams, boxers, wrestlers, and, of course, boats' crews for pulling and sailing races, are practising every available minute. Inter-ship games of every description, including golf and tennis matches between officers' messes, are played every summer in the North, and then in winter, usually in Guantánamo, Cuba, where the navy has its largest Southern base. After the destroyers have settled their own championships among themselves, they often make up a division or a squadron team, to play the battle-ship winners. This is done because a battle-ship has, as material for the teams, ten times as many men. The greatest excitement comes with the playing of the important games; thousands of men, from the commander-in-chief down, turn out to root for their favorites. Quite often the destroyers "bring home the bacon," which stirs up an awful row among the battle-ships, who pretend to look down upon the little fellows. Altogether, sport forms a very important part of navy training. It keeps all hands in good shape physically, it makes the competition in drills and gunnery all the keener, and, best of all, it helps along the good spirit of the service.

This good spirit is the most vital as well as the finest thing for any navy. It is the thing that makes

A Destroyer

navy men, no matter how much they may be rivals among themselves, stick together like burs. It teaches officers and men to like and respect one another; in the end it is the thing that wins battles. For no matter how intelligent or how well drilled the men of the ship or the fleet may be, they are sure to fail unless they have that within them that makes them stand by the other fellow, and pull not against him but with him. We have that spirit very highly developed in our destroyers; we always have had it. But when the great Admiral Sims was in command of all the destroyers, he was so ready to talk to anybody, he made every man so friendly with the next one and so enthusiastic for the flotilla as a whole, he worked so constantly for spirit, that the effect of what he did still remains. His name is one to conjure with, wherever you find a destroyer. At heart the admiral was a destroyer man; so is every one else that ever served with the flotilla. Those who have left it, for one reason or another, to serve in other ships, still hold on to all their love for the little fellows. But they are splendid for the other types. The hard work and the quick thinking that they learned stays with them always. Destroyer men do well at anything in the big ships, and the officers, because they have had so much experience as youngsters, are the best of

ship-handlers. There is really no training to equal it.

The value of destroyers, many of which had been built by England, France, and the United States, was very clearly proved in the World War. In fact, from the naval standpoint, particularly America's, this was a "destroyer war." Of course, this does not mean that the destroyers were the only vessels of importance. On the contrary, every one knows that if it had not been for the British Grand Fleet, with its dreadnaughts, battle-cruisers, and other large ships, Germany would certainly have won. The "command of the seas" was not maintained merely by destroyers. But it was they that carried on by far the greater part of the active offensive; it was they that destroyed the Hun submarines, or "kept 'em down" so they were useless. Millions of miles of sea were covered by the destroyers of all the Allies, in patrolling coasts, escorting convoys, or hunting submarines. They had exactly the qualities needed—speed that enabled them to circle the fleets of merchant ships bound for Europe with soldiers, ammunition, or stores, or to overtake and ram a submarine; guns powerful enough to deliver a shell that would sink a submarine; and fuel capacity to keep at sea for a considerable time. It is because the winning of the war depended upon preventing the

submarine from cutting off the steady stream of supplies to England and France, and because the destroyers did just that, that we are justified in speaking of it as a "destroyer war."

Unfortunately, when the United States entered the war, our navy did not have enough destroyers. Also, unfortunately, the Secretary of the Navy did not recognize that the biggest help we could give would be to send every available boat at once to Europe, where the real danger lay. A few were sent, however, the first division of five being commanded by Captain Taussig. When, at the end of the long trip across the Atlantic, that division reached Queenstown, the British admiral commanding was more than glad to see them. He knew how badly our ships were needed, both to relieve, for overhaul, the British destroyers that had been hard at it for nearly three years and to afford that much more protection to shipping. The admiral asked when our boats would be ready for duty, how much time they would need for repairs after the crossing. Captain Taussig replied: "We are ready now, sir!" and set his small force to work at once!

Later, we began to build about two hundred destroyers, a few of which were completed in time to help. As soon as one was made available, Admiral Sims sent back a commanding officer and

part of a crew, to form a nucleus of experienced men for the new boat, men who "knew the game," and the boat went right over to join the forces in Europe. Only a few of our boats were lucky enough to have an engagement with the enemy, but they did splendid work in helping to save the merchant shipping of the world. So much did they help that if we had made in 1917 the effort we were making a year later, the war would have been won much sooner than it was. For not until the "unrestricted submarine campaign" was a proved failure did Germany make her last drives on land. However, every boat that did get to Europe was sure of having the exciting sort of life that she and her crew were looking for so anxiously. Often this excitement came not through the enemy but through other emergency, the sort of emergency for which the destroyer must always be ready.

For instance, there was the case of the *Shaw.* The *Shaw,* whose captain was Commander Glassford, was doing the same work as all the rest, escorting transports loaded with soldiers through the waters where the enemy submarines were thick. One day Commander Glassford was escorting the huge *Aquitania,* with thousands and thousands of American troops on board. Besides the *Shaw,* the *Duncan* and one or two other destroyers

formed the escort, but Commander Glassford led the way. It was the escort-commander's duty to keep his ship zigzagging ahead of the transport, dashing from one side to the other on the look-out for periscopes. As the *Aquitania* was making about twenty-two knots, at the time, the *Shaw* had to run at something like twenty-seven, to cover so much more sea and still hold her position.

It was early morning when the *Shaw,* on one leg of the zigzag, was headed across the course of the *Aquitania.* This was part of the regular plan, so many minutes on one course, so many minutes on the next. But when it came time to turn away, when the order was given to put the helm over, the steering-wheel jammed. The *Shaw* could not turn away. At the speed the two ships were making, collision was inevitable. The captain had about ten seconds to make up his mind. He saw that he would hit the *Aquitania* just about amidships; he knew that his sharp bow would cut a fearful hole; and he knew what the appalling result would be. He thought of all those troops, many still asleep, who would probably be thrown into the sea; he looked at his own crew about a hundred, weighing their lives and his own against those of the soldiers. But in far less time than it has taken to write of it, Captain Glassford's de-

cision was made. He sprang for the engine-room signal and rang for "Full speed astern!"

He had smart men on his ship; he got what he had to have. Under terrific strain and vibration, the engines, reversing, took hold of the *Shaw.* They changed her course, as the captain knew they would, just enough to fling her—right across the bow of the *Aquitania!*

In another second the monster had crashed into the *Shaw,* and, just at the bridge where the captain stood, cut her in two! Two of the *Shaw's* officers and ten or a dozen men were instantly killed. The bow of the *Shaw* drifted away, while what was left of her, bumping along the steel side of the big steamer, struck sparks that immediately set fire to the oil-tanks. The masts were shaken out of her, seams everywhere were opened up, the ship's colors went over the side with the wreckage. But—the captain and the crew were still on deck. As they dropped astern of the *Aquitania,* they set to work fighting the fire. Because the firemen at the boilers had stuck to their posts, there was steam to be had; and steam will smother an oil fire where water only spreads it. Having got the better of the fire, the crew turned to the main engines. Although all the machinery was badly strained, first one engine, then the other, was persuaded to spin. Then one man dove overboard,

seized the colors, clambered over the side, and lashed the flag to the stump of the mast. When the *Duncan,* standing by, would have taken off all hands, Captain Glassford shouted: "No! We're all right. Go ahead with the *Aquitania!*" As he was still escort-commander, his orders had to be obeyed. He sent the transport safely on her way. Then he and his crew took the *Shaw,* stern-first, but under her own steam, fifty miles to the nearest British harbor!

Hundreds of men on the *Aquitania* never knew there had been a collision; the big ship was unhurt, and there was no panic. All of which was because the *Shaw* had executed what was one of the smartest pieces of seamanship of the whole war. Unless Captain Glassford had made the right decision at once, unless he and his crew had carried out that decision instantly, there would have been a terrible disaster with the loss of no one knows how many lives. Yet the *Shaw's* whole ship's company thought of what they had done, and spoke of it, as "all in the day's work!"

DRIVING IT IN

BY EDWARD VASSAR AMBLER

YOUNG John Graham, third-class radioman on the *S–55,* one of the navy's later types of submarine, was undergoing his first experience of submerging, and the experience somehow was not quite so startling as he had anticipated, as the three-hundred-foot sub with its thirty-six men "crash-dived" down on an even keel. Outside, in the C.O.C. room, the gunner's mate, the machinist's mate, and the chief electrician, with half a dozen deck-hands, were going the calm and even tenor of their ways, as though this matter of going down eighty feet into the ocean were a more common occurrence than crossing the street.

McCallum, the second-class man, standing duty in the radio room, looked over his shoulder at the slightly built, blond greenhorn from a Maine farm, and then back at the radio key and smiled inwardly. In two short days he had formed his own opinion about Graham, and this opinion wasn't exactly flattering. "He's out of place," he had told

the chief. "Some job to drive anything into his head, and he's afraid of his shadow."

McCallum thought this was a good opportunity to throw a scare into the landlubber looking over his shoulder, and so said aloud:

"Now if this thing starts to buckle, like the *P–2* the first time I went down in her, we should worry. Went down too deep and could see the sides being pushed in from too much pressure. Just then I had visions of resting in Davy Jones's locker, cooped up in that nice long leaky box. You couldn't have reached five miles with her oscillator if you tried, if anything had gone wrong with her down there."

"Wh-what happens if you should go down—nose-dive into the mud or something?" asked the green radioman.

McCallum smiled. "Getting nervous? Well, as a matter of fact, the last I heard of anything of the sort was the *P–23;* she went down nose first with her tail sticking out. They used an acetylene torch and cut a hole through her tail and flagged for help. Lucky for her that she was working with the fleet and wasn't in deeper water. Have heard of them blowing men up through the conning-tower one at a time; but sometimes it's a long swim when you get there. Hope you're well insured!"

His delight in "ragging" the new man was suddenly brought to a stop by an interruption from the outside world, conveyed by the oscillator in front of them. In its peculiar whistling code it spelled out the letters "N P E S I X S F." "Surface, sir," McCallum communicated to the officer who had come forward, and then, as another message immediately followed it, "Also says, sir, to detail third-class radioman for the *P–2*. They're towing her north."

"Glad they're not sticking me back in her again," said McCallum, after the officer had walked back into the engine-room to pass the command that would bring the *S–55* up to fresh air again. "She's hoodooed, if anybody should ask you. Now they've taken nearly everything out of her and are going to take her north with the fleet to put her in the navy-yard for repairs."

In fifteen minutes the *S–55* was well above water again and the waves shooting over the front of its big iron nose. The wireless staff was run up through the conning-tower, and the *S–55,* with several other subs, were receiving commands to draw up alongside the *Brownell,* the big mothership, several miles away.

"As you are the only third-class man aboard,

you go north with the old hulk," said McCallum, encouragingly, when the *S–55* finally rippled her way under the shelter of the flag-ship.

This was not very heartening to young Graham, who had just begun to get over the qualms of homesickness through what he felt were friendly associations, and he liked to study things out in an up-to-date boat. It was not an unusual thing for people who did not know John intimately to assume that he was slow; and a slight impediment in his speech, brought about by sheer bashfulness, might convey to the undiscerning an impression that he was afraid of his shadow. As a matter of fact, John's slowness was really a thoroughness, and back in high school his teachers knew that what he learned he learned well, and what he did was always well done.

As for his nerve, he never had been given a real opportunity to prove it. His ambition had been to go into a technical school, but conditions at home had forced him to abandon this idea, and he had chosen instead an important branch of Uncle Sam's service which would give him a chance to learn. Whatever his field, John had determined that he was going up, and he was musing that this transfer to an out-of-commission, old-type sub was a hitch in his program, when the *S–55* drew

up alongside the flag-ship to be moored. The inevitable came when he was instructed to report on board for orders.

There was a shortage of men, and the crew of the disabled craft had long since been transferred to other vessels. The fleet was immediately sailing north, and the *P–2* was to be fitted with a skeleton crew and the craft towed some thousand miles on a ten-inch hawser to the base, where she was to undergo thorough repairs.

"Never mind; you'll be the one and only radioman in charge, even if they don't give you anything to do," gibed McCallum. "I was on the *S–50* when her cylinder-heads blew out, and they towed us all of fifteen hundred miles from Hatteras to Panama. Some journey, being led around by five hundred feet of cable! And when the sea gets choppy—oh, man!"

The following day found Graham, with a dozen other men of various classifications, on board the *P–2* plowing northward in the wake of the flag-ship, which was leaving a streak of smoke straight back on the landscape as she bade good-by to the winter's maneuver grounds.

"Swell job, if we break loose," commented the chief machinist's mate. "I was on the *S–60* when she broke down off of Bermuda, and they had to make a hundred-mile circle around her to find us

again. Took sixty hours to do it, in spite of all the signals we could give them."

"Yes, and I bet that third-class dub they call a radioman wouldn't be able to send an S O S if anything *did* happen to us," said an electrician. "All he can say is 'Y-y-yes'; and McCallum, who was with him on the *S–55,* says it takes a year to drive an idea into his head."

"He'll do for all the thinking he has to do on this 'pig boat' being led around by the nose," said the machinist's mate. "Somebody else will do all the thinking for us on this trip."

John Graham, with the receivers on his ears in the small radio compartment, little guessed that he was the subject of so much conversation. He well knew that there was little likelihood of any actual business for him on the whole trip north; but this afforded him a chance to learn many things by just listening in. It was interesting to hear the good-bys of the various ships of the fleet as they were pulling up anchors and sailing for various home ports far apart—"Captain and officers of the *Brownell* bid good-by and good-luck to captain and officers of the *Grayson,*" "Captain Banks sends respects to Captain Grant, and hopes to berth with him in New York." Like the breaking up of a big reunion, it seemed to Graham, who wondered if he would ever be on the *S–55* again.

"High sea," reported a lookout up the conning-tower to the ensign in charge, who had long since ordered all water-tight compartments closed. "Looks like a rough passage, sir."

" 'Rough' is good," remarked the chief machinist's mate, "with a rope yanking us down whenever the sea lifts us up. I, for one, will be glad when this 'pig' is led to slaughter."

It was long after dark that Graham picked up fog warnings, and he imagined that away up ahead he could hear the deep moan from the big iron throat of the *Brownell,* which was towing them—a warning bellow for all stray craft to keep out of the way, or they would get run down in a fog so thick that it shut out every stray sub that was plowing along with the mother-ship. With all hatches down and the water lap-lapping on the iron sides so near to his ears, it was an uncanny feeling, this plowing through a fog that he could not see and at the mercy of the ship ahead.

He was glad that he had managed to find a book before he left the flag-ship; for now he had something to study when he needed it to take up his mind. It was a book on submarine signaling, and the chapter on oscillators interested him especially. A wonderful thing, that electro-magnetic talking device, by the use of which sound-waves could be generated which would enable one vessel

to talk to another when down too deep to use the radio.

He remembered something McCallum had said when talking about the *P–2:* "You couldn't reach five miles with her oscillator if anything went wrong with her." But Graham noticed that this book talked about sixty-mile possibilities. What marvels science had put at his command! He felt quite important as he sat in the radio room of the little old-type sub and forgot that it was being pulled around at the will of the big flag-ship ahead; that his job was probably no more than a dummy job. If only the folks down on the farm in Maine could see him sitting before these miraculous talking devices that could be heard from the bottom of the ocean or through the air! Now he was listening to the *dah-dit-dah-dah* of a destroyer trying to get its bearings through the fog, and remembered the stories he had heard of vessels colliding on a night like this. It must be pretty bad outside. Then his thoughts were suddenly brought back from the story-book world into the real by the biggest shock to his nerves that he had ever had.

B-r-r-r-r bank! crash! bang! Suddenly the receiving set on his ears was torn off and he was thrown against the side of his iron room. The *P–2* gave a lurch that threw it off its course with a violence that seemed to upset everything loose

inside of her. The young operator had the sensation of being inside of a big bass drum flying through the air with a pair of giant drumsticks speeding it up. There was the dull, hoarse bellow of a siren, and then the startled voice of the ensign.

"Something's sideswiped us in the fog and torn us loose, and I don't know what else has happened to us! Send out an S O S and be quick about it."

He made a lurch toward the conning-tower, from which the lookout had been thrown with such violence that he lay stunned below. "Too rough outside to open her up, unless we have to, but I'd like to know what hit us."

Graham surprised himself in being able to sit down at the key as coolly as he did, and a real thrill passed over him as he realized his importance in this crisis. This thrill did not last long, however. He reported to his chief: "They've done for our whole sending apparatus, sir!"

The ensign came down from the conning-tower and sent another lookout to take his place. "What's the matter?" he snapped.

"The electric generator's torn loose from its bearings, and the shaft's bent," said an electrician.

"Which means we'll be a thousand miles from

Guantánamo and upside down before that does us any good!" exploded the ensign.

"They'll have to find us pretty quick, sir," said the chief machinist's mate, who had been investigating conditions forward. "She's started to leak and it's coming in bad, sir."

"Swell chance for us!" said a member of the crew, under his breath, "with a fog like this and thirty-foot waves over the top-side."

With the realization that the usual signaling apparatus was gone, John Graham's mind became more active than it had ever been in his young life, and a solution came to him like a flash. Back in the navy-yard he remembered that peculiar loud and penetrating sound of a riveting-machine driven against the iron plate of a destroyer under repair. He knew that the *P–2* had a riveting-machine on board, used for making certain minor repairs in an attempt to make the *P–2* seaworthy before it started.

"I have it, sir!" he shouted at the ensign; and for the first time, he didn't stutter. "I'll signal them with the riveting-machine. We can connect it on the storage-battery; but I'll have to tear off some of this cork from the sides, sir."

"Tear it off; this boat wouldn't be any good at the bottom of the sea, anyway," said the officer, with the light of understanding coming into his

eyes. "Move fast and connect that up," he ordered the electrician.

In a twinkling the radioman had torn away the cork, exposing a small part of the iron surface on each side of the sub. By the time he had done that, the machinist had passed over the riveter ready for use, and the whole crew temporarily forgot the peril of their position in watching the young radioman.

Now if he could only spell out six letters: N P I, for his ship; and S O S, for help. "Z-z-z-z Z-z, Z-z Z-z-z-z Z-z-z-z," started the riveter on the tough hide of the little *P–2*, and the reëcho inside the boat was almost deafening. "Dash dot, dot two dashes, two dots. Dot dot dot, dash, dash, dash, dot dot dot," it grated out.

"That sounds like the code," said the ensign. "Keep at it; for it's only a short time before these leaks get the better of us."

Graham knew that the velocity of sound under water was four times that of the air, and felt sure that by somewhat the same principle by which, if his oscillator had been working, some sub might pick up his message on her microphone, it might also pick up the sound of his riveter. To make sure, he tried the other side of the sub, and then came back again. Again and again he repeated his short

message, "N P I, S O S." Then another thought struck him—his own microphone! Surely the motor generator didn't make any difference with this listening apparatus. Maybe he could tell if his message was being heeded, or if there was another ship near? He dropped his improvised sending apparatus and lurched into the radio compartment, where he put on the receivers, which projected from the fore-peak tank. First very faint and then louder came the sound of what he conjectured to be the propellers of navy craft.

"Hurrah! we're within sound of them," he shouted, "and we'll show them where we are if I have to wear this thing out!"

Back to his job he went, "Z-Z-Z," with his mind so much on what he was doing that he didn't even notice the water rising around him.

"Stand by with the pumps," shouted the ensign. "And you, Jones, pass the word from the lookout if he sights anything."

"She's listing badly forward, sir, and we can't keep ahead of it," bellowed the chief machinist's mate above the din.

Then Graham began to realize that already he was standing knee-deep in water and that his end of the sub had a pronounced downward tip. Now he knew that it was only a matter of minutes be-

fore he would be driven from his end of the little boat, which was gradually getting ready to make its last nose-dive.

"All hands aft!" bawled the ensign.

"If you don't mind, I'll stick it out here a while longer. I think I'll get them," shouted the young radioman.

"All right, keep it up; but we'll all be driven out of here pretty soon," shouted the ensign.

"I'll hand it to him; he's sticking to his job. But it won't do us any good," said the machinist's mate, who had retreated aft with every other member of the crew.

As the water rose higher around the young radioman he began to wonder if, after all, the ships were too far away to get that call. Still, of course they must have realized by this time that the little sub had been lost from the *Brownell* and be hunting for it. He lurched to the front again and put the microphones on. Out beyond in the fog and stormy waves somewhere was the sound again, clearer and more distinct, the sound of whirling propellers bringing nearer the ship or ships that might prove the salvation of the little struggling *P–2*.

Back went Graham to his task of sounding the call for help to the watery outside world, and this task was getting exceedingly difficult, for the water

was rising above the scraped off surface where he was working, and the sub was lurching sickeningly downward.

Back to the microphones he waded and put on the receivers. What he heard made his heart jump. Unmistakably from somewhere out in the deep came a message. "N P I, stand by. We've sighted you."

"They've got us, sir, told us to stand by! They're bearing on us!"

"Good! Keep it up just the same," said the officer.

"N P I, N P I," repeated Graham. If he had to keep this up much longer, he would have a new kind of telegrapher's cramp, he thought. But never mind—he was going to save the ship!

"She's clearing a bit," reported the lookout, after five minutes of suspense. "Search-light off our starboard bow, and she's pointing right at us."

"Keep up your signals," said the ensign. "Stand by while we put this rope under your arms—you're going up," he ordered the brawniest member of the crew. "Open up the hatch."

Out through the conning-tower, with lashing in his hands and a rope tied to him, went the deckhand. "Now you follow him, and stand by for the hawser when they try to give it to you," bel-

lowed the officer to a second man. In a twinkling, two men were crawling forward on the topside, where the sea was doing its best to roll them off. A great wave came over and into the conning-tower, and the *P–2* acted as though it was on the brink of rolling over, just as help was in sight.

The rays of a great search-light shot over the men hanging onto the topside, and the hoarse bellow of a giant siren heartened the men below.

"Now you can quit that anvil chorus; you've done enough for one night," said the ensign to John.

Nearer and nearer maneuvered the great search-light, and again a hoarse bellow. Zip! Across the drowning little *P–2* shot a small line, and the first man up, who had lashed himself forward, made a frantic grab. Up on the topside the two men battled against the elements, held by the lashings they had made for themselves, with scant reliance on the ropes which connected under their arms and were held by men below decks. Slowly the man forward was pulling in that small line, and by the time the second man on the topside had come to his aid, he was hauling out the great hawser, which was crawling up the iron back of the sub like a great sea-serpent. An interminable length of time it seemed to the men below decks before a violent tug suddenly lifted the nose of the "pig

boat" and sent the water swashing aft, nearly to drown the men in the rear.

Back with the respectful and now much relieved crew huddled Graham. His arms were almost numb, but he was happy in the realization that through his efforts they were now moored to something substantial that was towing them to safety. Soon they were brought to a sudden stop, and a hoarse deep-toned *Zoooom* directly over their heads told that the rescuing ship outside was calling them up.

"Open the hatch and all out," shouted the ensign, with vast relief showing in his voice.

Up through the hatch went the crew, in their perilous journey between the high-washing waves, to grasp the suspended ladder from the high deck of the mother-ship; but they all made it, and, last of all, the ensign, with the young radioman in front of him.

At the top of the ladder they met the *Brownell's* executive officer.

"What's all the trouble?" he asked the late commander of the doomed sub.

"Collision in the fog; disabled all our signaling apparatus and tore us loose."

"All your signaling apparatus? We've been getting signals from you, or, rather, the *S–55* did and passed it on."

"Well, they did leave us a riveting-machine. Graham, our radioman, stood up to his arms in water and drove it in with that. His idea."

"Pr-etty good!" said the executive.

"Yes, and when I see McCallum, I'm going to tell him that it don't take a year to drive an idea into that radio guy's head. Also I'll tell the world there's nothing yellow about him," said the electrician to the chief machinist's mate.

THE BILGED MIDSHIPMAN

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

I USED to know a Bilged Midshipman. He was rather a nice sort of fellow, and we got along together very well. But we should have liked him much better, at first, I think, if he had not been so dismal a character. I never did know any boy (except a boy whom we named the "Sea-Calf," because he was all the time blubbering) who seemed to be so thoroughly miserable. Why, I've know that Bilged Midshipman to refuse to join a swimming party of five as good fellows as ever walked—I was one of them, myself—and to spend all the afternoon of a half-holiday in moping.

None of us knew much about him except that he had been a midshipman and had been bilged. This much he said himself, when Clarence Detwiler, by virtue of seniority, asked him about himself on the first day that he came to the school. He didn't begin regularly, but in the middle of the term, and so he was something of a curiosity.

"Yes," he said sadly, "I was a midshipman at

Annapolis, but I was bilged!" Then he turned away and looked as if he might take to crying—blinky about the eyes, you know.

Now, not one of us had the least idea of what "bilged" was, or how it felt to be in that condition. But as he seemed to take it hard we concluded that it must be an uncommonly bad thing to have, and we came to an understanding among ourselves not to bother him by talking about it. I think that he understood our good intentions and was grateful to us for trying to do the handsome thing by him. Anyhow, he certainly tried to make himself agreeable, in a cheerfully dismal sort of fashion; and sometimes he succeeded.

His first success was won by splicing the clothes-line. In the interest of science, a lot of us had borrowed the clothes-line from the laundry and had begun a series of very interesting experiments on the levitations of solids. For want of better solids to work with, we were using ourselves—each one of us knew about how much he weighed—and we were levitating ourselves up into some remarkably fine chestnut-trees. In the midst of an interesting experiment—we had Pud Douglass up in the air—the clothes-line broke. It was a new line, but Pud was too much for it. Luckily, he was only about ten feet up, and the tumble didn't hurt him. But the clothes-line separated into two pieces;

and what made it worse was that the break was just about in the middle.

We were in something of a dilemma. We knew that a knot in the middle of the new line would excite critical comment, and probably would lead to very unpleasant consequences. For, apart from the fact that we had obtained the line rather informally, the chestnut-trees were quite out of bounds. We felt low in our minds. Then we all went back to the school and were as dismal as possible. However, we comforted ourselves a little by abusing Pud for being so inordinately fat.

Close by the wood-shed we fell in with the Bilged Midshipman. He was in his usual mournful mood; but we were mournful too, so we stopped to tell him of our tribulations.

"Pooh!" said the Bilged Midshipman, when we had told our tale of woe. "Is that all?"

We said that it was, and that we rather thought it was more than enough.

"Pooh!" said he again (he was a great fellow to say "Pooh!"). "Just you let me have the line and I'll splice it so its own mother won't know it's been broken!"

We were too much pleased to stop for argument with him over a clothes-line's having a mother, and we all sat down in a row behind the wood-shed, and little Billy Jenks pulled the line out from

under his jacket. What Billy wished to do was to go straight to the Doctor and tell him all about it and offer to pay for the clothes-line—but that always was Billy's way.

The Bilged Midshipman really seemed almost cheerful for once; and he went to work with a will. He made what he called a "long splice." It was a wonderful piece of work. He untwisted two strands of the rope for three or four feet, and then he "crutched them together," as he called it. Then he untwisted some more from one of the ends, and into the space where the strand had been he twisted a strand from the other end. He did this both ways from the "crutch," and ended up by tucking all the ends snugly away. When he had cut the ends off smoothly and had rolled the rope under his foot, it would have taken a pretty good pair of eyes to see that it ever had been broken!

It seemed almost a miracle to us, and only prudential reason kept us from giving the Bilged Midshipman three cheers on the spot. But we all shook hands with him and told him solemnly that we thought that he was "a brick." For a minute or two he seemed really pleased. Then he subsided suddenly and his countenance grew as dismal as Clarence Detwiler's on the day when he ate more green apples than were good for him.

"What's the use of it all?" he said, half to him-

self. "I'm bilged, bilged!" Then he went sorrowfully away.

After that he often did bits of knotting and splicing for us, and seemed to find it rather comforting. But he always ended by going moping off, muttering to himself something about bilging. It was very mysterious.

We looked up "bilged" in the dictionary, and found that it was "nautical" and meant "having a fracture in the bilge." As applied to a midshipman, the "nautical" was good; but the rest wasn't. To cut things short, I may say that we all were completely puzzled. Finally, we concluded to have the matter settled definitely. It was growing too rasping to be borne. So we called a meeting of the school and elected Clarence Detwiler chairman, and little Billy Jenks secretary—not because there was anything in particular for a secretary to do, but because we wanted to make things pleasant for Billy. You see, Billy's father had just failed and he was naturally a little cut up about it.

When the meeting was fairly under way, the chairman appointed Pud Douglass and me a committee of two to bring in the Bilged Midshipman. As he was just around the corner of the woodshed, waiting to be brought, this did not take long —and he could have been brought even sooner if "Clumsy" Skimples hadn't tumbled down from

above among the rafters just as the procession was entering, and so spoiled the effect. But "Clumsy" was always tumbling down from somewhere or other—he generally kept himself bumped black and blue—so nobody minded it much.

Detwiler made a speech, in which he explained that we all were curious to know how a fellow who seemed to be all right could be bilged, if the dictionary gave the true meaning of the word; that we did not wish to press him too hard upon a delicate subject; but that, as we now cherished a very high esteem for him as a companion and as a—a boy, we should be very much obliged to him if he would explain this mysterious matter once and for all. Detwiler was a capital hand at speech-making, and this speech was even better than usual. When he concluded, we all clapped our hands, and then we looked at the Bilged Midshipman and waited for him to begin.

He blinked his eyes for a minute or two, in his queer, sorrowful way, and then he braced up and said he supposed he might as well tell about it, and have done with it; we'd all been kind to him and we had a right to know.

"You see," said the Bilged Midshipman, "down at Annapolis 'bilged' is what they call it when a cadet fails to pass his examinations, or is sent adrift for misconduct. It's a sea term, and means

that a barrel or cask is stove in and done for; a cadet is done for when the academy throws him overboard, and so the sailors say that he is bilged. That's all; *I* was bilged, terribly!" Then he hitched up his trousers in sailor fashion—he was as fond of this action as Dick Deadeye—and looked dismaler than ever.

"If you don't mind telling," said Clarence Detwiler, "the meeting would like very much to know what bilged you. Everybody in favor of his telling what bilged him, will please say 'aye.' " (Of course we all said "aye.") "The ayes have it, gentlemen."

"Well," said the Bilged Midshipman, in a most forlorn and solemn way, "it was a cat; a big, black Tom-cat! Yes, I know it sounds queer, but it's true, all the same; that cat finished my naval career, *bilged* me! You see, it happened in this way: It was the beginning of my second year at the academy, and my prospects were bright. I had passed the examinations and stood well up in my class, and the professors seemed to like me. But I couldn't get along comfortably with the Commandant of Cadets. He was a peppery sort of a man, a commander in the service; and he had a way of snapping a fellow up short and setting him down hard, that made it uncomfortable to get along with him. And then he never would listen to what a fellow had to say. He was always talking

about discipline. His pet speech was: 'The discipline of the service demands, my boy, that when I give an order you are to obey it, instantly and implicitly. Discipline and argument are utterly incompatible.' He'd say this over a dozen times a day: and so we always called him 'Old Discipline.'

"Well, I had a way of sliding into scrapes and Old Discipline had a way of catching me. At last things began to look squally. The admiral—who was a trump—sent for me and gave me a good talking-to, just such a talking-to as my father gives me sometimes; and he made me see that it really wouldn't do for me to be careless, if I 'ever hoped to be an officer and a credit to the service,' as he put it. He was just as kind as he could be, but he wound up by telling me that I must steer a straight course or take the consequences; and, to give me a clear idea of what the consequences would be, he said that if I was reported to him again for misconduct during the term I certainly would be sent adrift from the academy. I promised him with all my heart that I would turn over a new leaf then and there. And then the old gentleman, in his kind way, shook hands with me and said that he was sure I really meant to be steady, and would live to be as good as officer as ever trod a deck."

The Bilged Midshipman stopped for a minute or two and seemed very low in his mind.

"It makes me feel dismal," he said presently, "when I think what the admiral must think of me now. But it wasn't my fault that I was bilged—at least, not entirely.

"For a week or two after I was warned, I was the best-behaved cadet in the academy. Old Discipline was on the lookout to catch me tripping, but I was on the lookout not to trip, and he couldn't. Two or three times he thought he had me, for the cadets were always playing tricks on him, but every time it turned out to be somebody else, and I was not in the wrong.

"But he did catch me at last, and that wretch of a black Tom-cat was at the bottom of it. The cat was a good-for-nothing sort of a cat that used to drift about the academy grounds by the kitchen. It was forever getting picked up by the cadets and put into places where a cat didn't belong—such as the professors' desks and the officers' hat-boxes.

"Well, one day it happened that the commandant had to go down to the Norfolk Navy Yard for some stores, and a detail of cadets was told off to go with him. On the strength of my recent good conduct I was put in the detail; and I was glad enough to have the little cruise. Just as the tug was pushing off from the academy wharf, Old Disci-

pline found that he had forgotten his valise—and as he was going to stay all night at Norfolk and go to a ball, and as the valise contained his dress uniform, leaving it behind was not to be thought of. So he ordered the tug back to the wharf and, as I had the bad luck to be standing close by him, he directed me to jump ashore and run up to the academy and get it. It was in his room, he said, all ready.

"Now this was orderly service, and he had no business to send me on it. But I didn't dare hesitate; and I feared, too, that if I made the least objection he would order me ashore and go off without me. I didn't like to give in when I knew I was right, but neither did I like to lose the cruise; so away I went as fast as my legs would carry me.

"I found the valise all right, seized it, and bolted back to the tug—but I hadn't taken a dozen steps before I thought I felt something alive, squirming around inside the valise. Then it flashed upon me, all in a minute, that one of the fellows had stowed the old black Tom there, in a coil with the commandant's dress uniform. When I found that the commandant, in his hurry, had left his keys hanging in the lock of the valise, the whole business was clear to me, and I just chuckled with delight. I put the keys into my pocket and hurried toward the wharf.

"But before I reached the tug I had stopped chuckling, and was thinking over the matter seriously. Of course I hadn't much sympathy with the commandant, but I couldn't help worrying over my promise to the admiral that I would keep out of scrapes. I stopped and attempted to open the valise; but either I mistook the key or failed to understand the lock, for I really couldn't open it. I tried faithfully until I dared delay no longer, and then feeling I had done my best, I ran for the tug. Still, I was very uneasy, and afraid of blame or something worse.

"To be sure, I hadn't put the cat in the valise, and I didn't even know, positively, that there was a cat in it, at all. It wasn't my valise and it wasn't my cat; and, finally, the commandant had no right to send me on orderly duty. This was one side of the case. On the other was my promise to the admiral that I would do my best to behave like an officer and a gentleman while I remained at the academy—and I couldn't help admitting to myself that a cadet reasonably suspected of having anything to do with stowing a cat in the same valise with a dress uniform might well be thought neither officer-like nor gentlemanly.

"Well, the long and short of it was that by the time I got down to the tug I had made up my mind to tell the commandant about the cat, and thus to

clear my conscience of breaking my promise to the admiral; and I must confess that I thought it would be rather good fun to see the commandant open his valise and let black 'Tommy' come bouncing out of it on the deck, while all the sailors and cadets would be grinning at the jolly lark and at the way Old Discipline would rage over it. But, as things turned out, I didn't have a chance to tell, after all—more's the pity!" Here the Bilged Midshipman stopped for a minute or two to be miserable.

"When I got down to the tug," he went on, "the commandant was hurried and flurried, for the admiral had come down to the dock in the interval, and had asked why the tug had not started—and so, as I tumbled on board and handed him his keys, he blazed away:

" 'Now, sir, I should like to know where you have been spending the morning. Are you so utterly incapable of all useful duty that you can not run an errand without dawdling over it all day? Take the valise below, at once, and remain below until we reach Norfolk! Boatswain, see that the lines are cast off. Mr. Pivot, you will oblige me by getting under way immediately.'

"I was all in a rage at this unfair attack. It wasn't my fault that the commandant had come off without his valise, that he had ordered the tug to

wait while he sent back for it, and that the admiral had come down and caught him at the dock when he ought to have been well down-stream; and I knew that I hadn't dawdled a bit. Then, to crown it all, he had ordered me below for the cruise, and so spoiled every bit of my fun. A big lump came up in my throat, and I felt rather wicked.

"But somehow, right in the thick of it I remembered my promise to the admiral. So I gulped down the lump, by a great effort, and began:

" 'If you please, sir, I—'

" 'But I don't please,' he said angrily. 'Go below, sir!'

" 'If you please,' I began again, for I was determined to do my duty, 'in the valise there's—'

"I don't think he heard what I was saying, he was in such a passion. He burst out: 'How *dare* you reply! The discipline of the service demands that when I give an order you are to obey it instantly and implicitly. Discipline and argument are utterly incompatible. Go below, this instant! You are under arrest. I shall report you to the admiral for gross misconduct!'

"That settled the whole thing. There was nothing more to be said. I went down into the cabin and —I hope you fellows won't think it was mawkish —I just burst out crying. The whole business was so wretchedly full of injustice. Here I was trying

my best to do my duty as an officer and a gentleman, and, for no fault of mine, I was under arrest and was to be reported for misconduct."

A sort of sympathetic thrill ran around the wood-shed. Clarence Detwiler formulated the sense of the meeting by observing that the commandant was "a terror"; and little Billy Jenks crossed over from the secretary's seat—on the saw-horse—and put his arm over the Bilged Midshipman's shoulder. Billy always was a good-hearted little beggar.

After a while the Bilged Midshipman went on with his story: "After all," he said, "I don't believe that the commandant would have reported me, when he came to think the matter over quietly, if it hadn't been for the cat—and he certainly had a right to raise a row over that part of the performance. You see, there was a stiff east wind blowing that kicked up a heavy swell in the bay, and the tug rolled and tumbled about so that you fairly had to 'hang on with your teeth to keep your footing,' as one of the cadets said. Down in the cabin, things went bumping around in a very reckless sort of way, and I had to stow myself between a locker and the after-bulkhead to keep from bumping about, too.

"The valise was down in the cabin; and as it was not clued fast it had the range of the whole

place—sailing away first to starboard and next to port, and then taking a long roll up and down amidships, as the tug pitched in the short seas. Of course no cat was going to stand such nonsense as that without remonstrance; especially such a determined old scoundrel as Tommy. At first he sent up a lot of plaintive 'me-ows,' but presently, when he found that 'me-owing' didn't do any good, he took to howling at the very top of his voice, and trying to scratch his way out. I could hear the sound of tearing cloth as he rattled his claws through and through the commandant's dress uniform, and as I was in a rather wicked frame of mind by that time, I didn't object. If ever poetical justice got hold of a fellow it was then and there—and the fellow was Old Discipline and the poetical justice was that ripping and raging cat who was tearing those ball-room clothes to scraps and tatters. I felt in my bones that there was a tremendous storm ahead for me; but I was so angry that I hadn't much sympathy with the commandant."

The wood-shed responded promptly to this sentiment, Clarence Detwiler leading a roar of laughter at the commandant's expense. Only little Billy Jenks looked solemn. When we had got through laughing he said that he thought it was all right so far as the commandant was concerned, but he couldn't help feeling that it was rather rough on

the old cat. (You see, Billy was a very soft-hearted little chap about animals. Why, that little fellow once wanted to fight Clarence Detwiler, who was three years older and a whole head taller and who had taken boxing lessons, because Detwiler was going to drown a stray puppy so as to see whether or not he could bring it to life again by a plan that he had been reading about in some scientific paper. Detwiler was angry at first, but Billy was so much in earnest about it that he wound up by shaking hands with Billy and letting the puppy go—"sacrificing science to friendship," as he explained in his clever way. But that has nothing to do with the story.)

When we were all through laughing, the Bilged Midshipman continued:

"Well, the commandant didn't go to the ball! He came back to the academy the next day, raging, and the storm which I knew to be brewing burst out at once. I have never heard what he said to the admiral, but the case against me was black enough. The upshot of the matter was that I was dismissed from the academy right out-of-hand—just 'bilged' without being summoned or having a chance to say a word in my own defense.

"This seemed to me the crowning injustice of all. I wouldn't have thought that the admiral would treat me that way, and I had

expected to make it all right when I was summoned: for you see, I really had tried to do my duty, and could have explained the whole matter so that the admiral and all other officers would have seen that I was not to blame. But I had been in mischief several times since I entered the academy and so everybody believed I had been larking again: and so I came to grief. Instead of being believed innocent until proved guilty, I was believed guilty from the start—for there certainly seemed to be plenty of evidence against me—and I wasn't even given an opportunity to prove my innocence.

"But I didn't see all this as plainly then as I do now, and I was angry at the clear injustice which had been done me, and concluded that the sooner I got away from the academy the better. If the admiral didn't believe in me after my promise, it was he who was not behaving like an officer and a gentleman, this time. I hated him, and I hated everybody, myself included; and I was eager to get away, and so I didn't even try to explain matters and have my dismissal canceled. The admiral had lost faith in me, and that settled the whole matter.

"And so, the short and long of it is that I was 'bilged'—kicked out of the service in disgrace—all because some other fellow had put that miser-

able black cat in with Old Discipline's dress uniform! That's all there is to tell. And the reason I'm so miserable is that I can't help thinking all the time that if I'd kept reasonably steady from the start I shouldn't have been dismissed at all. It was the cat that finished me, but the root of the whole wretched business was my bad name.

"I did love the service with all my heart, and I'd give almost anything to get back into it again; but I'm out of it forever—and I've nobody but myself to thank for my bad luck!"

The Bilged Midshipman sat down on the pile of kindling-wood just behind him and blinked his eyes quickly. I'm not sure that he wouldn't have broken down altogether, but just then Clumsy Skimples managed to tumble from the top of the wood-pile, bringing a whole load of wood down with him, and this raised a general laugh, and gave the Bilged Midshipman time to recover.

When Clumsy had finished piling up the wood, and things were quiet again, Clarence Detwiler made a very handsome speech, in which he told the Bilged Midshipman how sorry we all felt for him and how badly we thought that he had been treated "while in the service of our common country" (Detwiler said that over twice, and we all ap-

plauded); and how, in short, we all hoped that it wouldn't happen again. Others of us made sympathetic speeches, and the meeting wound up by adopting a preamble and resolutions in which we just gave it to the United States Government in general and to the commandant at the Naval Academy in particular.

But what seemed to please the Bilged Midshipman more than anything else, was the way in which little Billy Jenks got up from the saw-horse, walked across the wood-shed, and said that he thought the Bilged Midshipman was a "gentleman, all the way through!" and he would like to have the honor of shaking hands with him. So Billy and the Bilged Midshipman solemnly shook hands, and then the small chap, in his dignified way, walked back across the wood-shed and sat down on the saw-horse again. Billy was such a queer little dick! He was always doing odd, old-fashioned things in the most natural sort of way; and yet, when you came to think about them, you always saw that they were just the right things to do, and you couldn't help respecting Billy for doing them. It is a solemn fact that there was more real, downright dignity about that little fellow than there was about Clarence Detwiler himself—though, of course, nobody at the school would have dared say

so. And so the Bilged Midshipman seemed better pleased with Billy's shaking hands with him that way than he was with our vote of censure upon the National Government.

Then the meeting broke up.

Now perhaps you think that this is the whole story of the Bilged Midshipman. But it isn't. At least, it has a very short sequel that is a great deal pleasanter than the story itself.

When the Bilged Midshipman was sent home, it seems, he told his father just how the whole thing happened, and his father, without saying anything to his son, wrote it all out and forwarded it to the admiral. The admiral immediately began an investigation of the case, and the result of it all was that the cadet who put the cat in the valise was found out, and was "bilged" in no time. Then the admiral wrote back that he thought it would be a good plan to let our Bilged Midshipman stay at school quietly until the next term at the academy began, without telling him that he was all right, so as to give him a good opportunity to think over what had happened and see what his failure to maintain a good record at the academy had cost him; it was to give him a sort of moral lesson, you see.

And that was just what his father had concluded

to do. Next year he was reinstated at the academy, and two years later he was graduated, almost at the head of his class. And so, the short and long of it was, you see, that the Bilged Midshipman was not really bilged, after all!

THE POLICEMAN OF THE SEVEN SEAS

BY COMMANDER ORTON P. JACKSON, U. S. N., AND CAPTAIN FRANK E. EVANS, U. S. M. C.

THE beat patrolled by the Policeman of the Seven Seas is world wide. No matter how obscure the corner in which American citizens, or their property, are threatened by a mob, an American gunboat is sure to poke its nose into the nearest port, swing her guns to cover the foreign quarters, and send her landing-party ashore with rifles and machine-guns, ready to stay there until peace reigns again. Their bulging gun-sponsons and stacks that tower above, out of all proportion to their size, are as familiar a sight to the out-of-the-way ports as the policeman who patrols the block in which you live.

Many of these spots are so far inland, or their waters so shallow, that the big ships must lie miles out and send in boat-crews, so that this part of the fleet's duty—the protection of our interests in any part of the world—has for years been assigned to our gunboats. The State Department has

a real affection for the homely little chaps, for our diplomats and consuls have found them a faithful and trusty ally.

There is no ship's crew that leads so adventurous a life as that followed by those of the gunboat. Their ship is busy surveying off the Cuban coast when the wireless awakens to life as a radio comes in. A disturbance has broken out in a Central American port, and the American consul has appealed to Washington for a war-ship. The cornet goes whipping up aloft, and a one-pounder barks out the call for all boats to make their way back to the gunboat. The boat falls sing as the boats are hooked on and hoisted in, and away steams the gunboat on police duty, her signal flags flying in the breeze.

She makes the unruly port just in time to land a boat's crew of blue-jackets and marines, ready for any emergency. The boat returns, and with it the gold from an American bank that has been threatened by a raid from revolutionists. Up anchor and down the coast to a secluded bay, where an ex-president boards her to seek an asylum from the firing-squad or jail that awaits him should the revolutionists win the little war.

Sometimes the radio calls her to back up a customs-officer in Haiti or Santo Domingo in his work of putting down smuggling. Or it may be to

carry supplies to a battalion of marines who are holding a port to which no regular liners ply, or to land them for the seizure of some town where anarchy has broken out as the result of constant revolutions.

On the Asiatic Station, where the revolutions in China often put in danger the lives of all Americans and Europeans, the gunboat plays a great part, and has for generations. With her shallow draft, she can reach points far up the rivers that empty into the sea. She has proved a needed refuge for missionaries of every nation, and a rallying-point for all foreigners who had given up hope of aid from the outside world.

The draft of gunboats is an important feature, for too much defeats their usefulness for river work. When we built two gunboats at the Mare Island Navy-yard especially for work up the Yang-tse River, in China, a hotbed of revolutionary outbreaks and of demonstrations against foreigners residing in China, the *Palos* and *Monocacy* were designed to draw but twenty-nine inches. They were built in sections, transported to Hong-Kong, and there assembled. With this light draft and a displacement of only 190 tons they were perfectly adapted to their job of patrolling far up the Yang-tse River.

Two of our most famous gunboats won their

laurels in the East. The old side-wheeler *Monocacy,* which handed down her Indian name to her Yang-tse successor, was for years one of the most familiar sights in Chinese waters. She burned wood, and was unwieldy as a ferry-boat, but did yeoman service even as late as the Boxer troubles in 1900.

The *Petrel,* one of Admiral Dewey's famous squadron at the Battle of Manila Bay, afterward became a station-ship in Cuban waters. The *Callao, Don Juan de Austria, Elcano, Isla de Luzon, Pampanga, Quiros, Sandoval, Samar,* and the *Villalobos* once flew the flag of Spain, for they were captured from the Spaniards at Santiago or Manila Bay. The *Villalobos* proved too much of a name for Yankee tars, so they rechristened her the *Village Hobo.*

Many of these gunboats, grown venerable in their picturesque service but really too far behind the times to hold their own in case of trouble, have been turned over to the naval militia at home, for whom they make good training-ships. For a time their place was filled by destroyers or cruisers, taken away from their regular duties to carry landing-parties or supplies. Later we built the *Sacramento* and a number of her sisters; ships of about fifteen hundred tons, with a speed of perhaps thirteen knots. These are especially designed

and equipped for long cruising in tropic or South Sea waters, wherever it may be necessary to "fly the flag" and keep the peace of the world.

The latest of our Policemen of the Seas carry as their armament three four-inch guns. Because of their small size, none of our gunboats carries more than 150 men. Though seaworthy, they are great rollers in a seaway; but to make up for that discomfort, the men who make their homes for a cruise on a gunboat do not lack for excitement and variety of duty. They penetrate into many strange ports that the fleet never makes, and they bring home tales that their comrades of the big ships envy.

FLOATING CITADELS

BY FITZHUGH GREEN, U. S. N.

MOST people think of a man-of-war as a floating fortress. It is really more than that. It is a floating fortified city.

Of course, the captain stands on the bridge and gives orders which way to put the rudder when approaching a dock. And if there be no admiral about, he decides when to open fire on the enemy. All his military duties are very little different from what they were when John Paul Jones first let the world know there was an American Navy in existence.

But the commanding officer of a modern battleship is more than just a naval skipper. He is mayor of a town of over one thousand active male inhabitants. It is his task to govern them and keep them happy and healthy for the time when war shall test their strength.

Under the captain is a regular city council. In naval parlance, its members are called heads of departments. One looks after the engines. He is the chief engineer. One has the guns in charge, and is known as the gunnery officer. The first lieutenant is a sort of chief of police, because he must keep the

street-like decks clean and uncongested. An electrical officer superintends the illumination of alleyways and houses—which on board ship are really long passages and state-rooms. Altogether, about fifty officers act as assistants to the heads of departments. Finally, there is a head councilor, called the executive officer, who takes the captain's place in an emergency.

In cities we have what we call public utilities. The local power-plant is an example. It is owned jointly by the citizens. It is operated for the good of the town rather than to make money, as would be the case of a factory or mill. This plan is carried still farther on a battle-ship. The electrical installation could supply a town of at least ten thousand inhabitants. There are two big dynamo-rooms, one in each end of the ship. The idea is that a shell from the enemy might put one out of commission, in which case the other could handle all the "juice" demanded for loading and firing. At least ten huge turbo-generators are required. Day and night they supply power to cranes, winches, ammunition-hoists, search-lights, wireless, air-compressors, blowers, potato-peelers, turret-training, gun-elevators, and about fifteen thousand incadescent lights.

Since one of the new super-dreadnaughts is, in fact, a huge factory two blocks long and a third of

a block wide, hundreds of offices, rooms, and work spaces must be connected by telephone. In addition, efficient communication-lines are necessary in order that the captain may have his whole ship and men and officers in hand when fighting a battle.

A complete telephone-company is in business. Of course, sailormen take the place of telephone-girls, and no one has to drop a nickel in the slot, because it all belongs to Uncle Sam. But the intricate switch-boards, with miles and miles of wire, the precise method of handling calls, and the efficiency of the whole service, are those of a great city.

One essential difference exists: in battle the ship's communication-lines form her nervous system. If any of them are cut, the members they connect would be as helpless as a boxer who sees his opponent's blow coming, but, because of one paralyzed nerve, is powerless to hold up a guarding arm. All fire-control and battle-order lines are put behind heavy armor or far below the water-line.

Smaller shops, like those for carpenters and machinists, do all the repair work. If a man breaks the tool he is using, or an officer drops his wife's picture and smashes the frame, the accident is no more serious than it would be in a big city. The man or the officer simply leaves his broken article

at the shop on his way to work, and has it sent to him when the job is done.

Few hotels have so perfect a kitchen as the battle-ship. Her "galley," as it is called, is up on deck where the fresh air and sunshine can stream in and keep cooking spaces sweet and clean. The ranges are all electric, which is an ideal way to cook. No fires to tend, no dirty coal to bring. Just press a button, and the oven or broiler is ready in five minutes. Patent potato-peelers, mixers, broilers, and other automatic machines make it possible for a handful of men to prepare food for nearly two thousand shipmates. Bushels and bushels of raw provisions are dumped into their various receptacles, a lever is thrown over, and presto! the dinner is done. Not quite that, to be accurate; but so near to it that you could hardly tell the difference.

The welfare of the men is looked after as if they were a lot of hundred-thousand-dollar prima donnas, rather than the horny-handed mariners tradition makes them out to be. A well-equipped hospital is built between decks. Several doctors and a number of trained men-nurses handle injuries or sickness so quickly and competently that rarely are there any serious cases. If there is a prospect of long illness, the patient can be transferred at once to the fleet hospital-ship.

Amusement is by no means overlooked. Many battle-ships have regular newspapers. All have magazines of some sort, in which men of the different professional branches can compare their work and interests. The regular printing-shop is often occupied in getting out programs for band concerts by the ship's orchestra, or for minstrel shows which are held on deck under a wide awning. There is plenty of swimming and boxing. For rainy days a fine large public library is at the disposal of the men who are not on duty.

The sailor of to-day does not scrub his clothes in the good old-fashioned way. An electrically driven steam-laundry does the work for him. Also, he is shaved in an up-to-date barber-shop. And he has forgotten what a "slop-chest" is, now that canteens and clothing-stores provide everything, from a toothbrush and a bottle of pop to a pair of regulation boots. Ship's tailors keep him trim, and the ship's photographer perpetuates his good-lookingness.

In peace times, visitors are always allowed aboard on Sunday mornings. You will be surprised to hear your favorite hymn as you come over the gangway. Then suddenly you will spy a queer structure of flags spread across wooden frames. It is the battle-ship's church.